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IN THE GLARE OF THE SEARCH-LIGHT.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Would you know an ideal plan for keeping awake on a July afternoon? Sit under a tree in a Surrey garden and read "The Forest Lovers." I have tried the hayfield, where the efforts of some children to persuade a fat donkey to take a little exercise for their diversion kept me from slumber for awhile. Then a ruddy haymaker in a shapeless hat looked down from a loaded wagon and cried, "Drown 'im!" I surmised this to be an invitation to various persons to roll me in the hay; but they all looked shy, and I was spared this uncomfortable pastime, to the great disappointment of the gentleman on the wagon, who was evidently a stickler for rural customs. Then I slept, despite the physiological researches of a merry company of insects, woke with a start, and returned to the garden and the book. Everything there seemed to harmonise with Mr. Maurice Hewlett's forest of Morgraunt. True, there were faint traces of civilisation in a careless pot of white-wash and the creases of a tennis-court; but the daisies were as thick on the unowned lawn as in a forest glade; a plaintive murmur from an unseen coveled suggested beasts; and the stone porch of the old house was easily transformed by a romantic eye into the woodland chapel where Isoult, chained to a monk, was regarded by the awe-struck country folk as a saint, and the Abbot Richard, a wily but most religious man, was slain at his devotions by the wicked Galors.

It is surprising how faithfully an actual scene will take its colour from a book which, for the moment, holds your imagination captive. I saw the green and sinister depths of robber-haunted Morgraunt in some innocent bushes, and, when I sat in the porch, felt through my veins the forest coolness stored up for centuries. The house was tolerably ancient; cut deep in an oak panel was a date which knew Elizabeth; a good deal older still, perhaps, the beams and rafters may have looked down on spruce cavaliers, whose armorial bearings would have interested Maulfry, the lady in Mr. Hewlett's tale who murders knights for the sake of their arms and trappings, of which she has a private collection greatly to the taste of any mediæval Christie. In a corner of the dining-room stands an old clock which strikes the hour with a piercing clang like an alarm-bell in the dead of night. It has a strange face, and the minute-hand is missing. Perhaps some bygone Maulfry collected minute-hands and buried the corpses of their poisoned owners under cypresses! The conversation at dinner turned on the village blacksmith, described as a freethinker because he believed in the compulsory sale of land by those who possessed it to those who coveted it. I fancied him breaking in upon us presently with such a crew as split the head of Prosper le Gai and threw him out of the window, and slew the young divinity student who strove to construct a new system of theology by reading Hebrew and staring into a bowl full of some undrinkable fluid! I soothed my nerves with a glass of home-brewed cider, and felt grateful that it had no theological bias!

But some mystical influence beset the brew elsewhere. I was riding through a delightful hamlet, and alighted from my trusty bicycle at a hostelry which overlooked the churchyard. "A beaker of your best apple-juice, good dame!" I cried to the hostess in the bar. She set it down, and I drained it with all a forester's eagerness. "Beshrew me, but this is a strange kind of cider!" I said. "The flavour mislikes me, dame!" She laughed, and as I looked at her I started with sudden fear. Her eyes were Maulfry's, disguised by spectacles, and she showed her upper teeth after the alarming manner of that siren! And the inn overlooked the churchyard! Was Maulfry a collector of bicycles now instead of shields and coats of mail? There was no reason for this pother except that the cider tasted as if it had come out of the ale-cask; but I had upon me the glamour of the dead man in Morgraunt with the "green froth" on his lips. Tolstoy says the only proof of a work of art is that it shall infect the reader, or spectator, or auditor, with the feeling of the artist. I speak as one of the infected, not of those "perverted and at the same time self-confident individuals," the critics. "An artist's work," says Tolstoy again, "cannot be interpreted." I am no interpreter, "receiving remuneration from newspaper editors," and therefore showing myself "incapable of feeling the infection of art." Surrey is to me the forest of Morgraunt, and on every sign-post I expect to find a dangling symbol of Abbot Richard's summary method of dispensing justice. But I question whether "The Forest Lovers" will please the Russian apostle of brotherhood. There is so much love-making, such reckless killing, such a frank carnival of the elemental passions. The hero is a perfect demon for blood—there is one scene where he kills everybody within reach of his arm—and the heroine is delighted when he cuts off the villain's head and ties it to his saddle-bow. Evidently this is not the sort of "infection" for Tolstoy's brotherhood of nice, kind recluses who have abjured war, patriotism, savage love, and sworn a solemn vow never to read "Anna Karenina"!

But into this league and covenant a jest, it seems, may sometimes enter, and so I offer a specimen of country humour with some misgiving as to its democratic quality.

My hostess has servants from various parts of England, and can imitate their dialects—an accomplishment quite beyond me. There came a youth from Gloucestershire. One day he was sent from the fields to the house to get some tool which hung over a door out of his reach. "You'll have to stand on a chair," remarked his mistress in passing. Half an hour later she found him still gazing at the object of his quest. "Eh, but I thought you had gone for the chair!" he said. Relying, no doubt, on the spirit of generous helpfulness which ought to animate a brotherhood, he waited for the chair instead of going to seek it. In the opinion of his employer, the joke was against him, but might he not say with the approval of some reformers, "Here was a capitalist who owned a chair. I had performed my duty to the common weal by making a journey in search of the tool which could not be reached without the chair. Was it not the duty of the capitalist's wife to produce the chair?" Thus adjusted, the anecdote may pass into the service of the brotherhood, and my blessing go along with it!

Tolstoy wants to see the intellect and sympathies of mankind fed upon art which is as simple as folk-lore, and all social problems settled on the principles of non-resistance to evil and apostolic community of goods. Another restoration of primitive ideals is proposed by a philosopher who calls Don Carlos "the modern Charlemagne," and announces that this potentate will presently "sweep Yankee butchers and Spanish traitors into the Atlantic." It is just this simplification that is needed to save us all from the chaos of complexity in art and politics. When Don Carlos has restored the glories of Spain, why should he not add America to the realm of the new Charlemagne? I used to know an old gentleman in Boston, Massachusetts, who assured me that the Americans were yearning for a benevolent despot with a pedigree. We want a Charlemagne in Britain too, and if some exiled Stuart is not available, Don Carlos might set up his "bed of justice" in Westminster Hall. Mrs. Partington tried to keep back the Atlantic with a mop, and Charlemagne must borrow that famous implement to sweep into the ocean all the troublesome people and institutions that have made the modern world so puzzling to simple minds. When he has done his part with the mop, Don Carlos had better hand it over to Count Tolstoy, who will use it with triumphant energy upon his own novels, Wagner, Hamlet, Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Mr. Pickwick, all the art that comes between the nobility of the Russian peasant and the eternal simplicities! Having polished off these obstacles to virtue, Tolstoy, I fancy, will want to turn the mop against Charlemagne himself, and then we shall have Armageddon!

Anyone who has ever clutched the handle of Mrs. Partington's weapon knows how tempting it is! We all try to wield it some time or other, and (unlike the bow of Ulysses) it is so fatally easy that there is no desire to relinquish it. For many years Mrs. Lynn Linton strove to sweep away the women she held to be unwomanly. This enterprise embittered her life and impoverished her judgment. When I first knew her I was struck by her devotion to young people. She liked to have them about her, and discuss their interests; she seemed to me to be always trying to sympathise with their point of view, though this often bewildered and sometimes angered her. This clinging to the younger generation was pathetic, because she was quite out of touch with their ideas, and I have often been surprised to read an article of hers in which some social question which she had discussed in conversation with patience and good-humour was handled with almost savage severity. That vehemence in her writing which grew with age sprang chiefly from the personal necessities of style. We are most of us slaves to our ways of putting things. Mrs. Lynn Linton had put so often and so strongly the case against the breaking of certain shackles of custom on the freedom of women that she ceased at last to distinguish between serious breaches of social discipline and healthy liberty. She raged against women for riding the bicycle, climbing mountains, tramping the moors with their husbands and brothers. A woman who wrote a book of travel was a monster in her eyes. So the style, always caustic, became vehement, and the habit of writing an article several times over, making it stronger every time, proved fatal to restraint.

This loss of proportion in a mind which retained its native vigour drove Mrs. Lynn Linton into a singular contradiction. Undaunted independence was the note of her career; yet, towards the end of her life, her ideal woman became a lachrymore weeping, trampled on by mannish creatures in petticoats. In one of her later novels the heroine is an image of helplessness, martyred by the demoralising tendencies of society. Between Mrs. Lynn Linton and such a type of womanhood there could be no natural sympathy, and the book was to me a monument of the strange fanaticism which does violence to its own instincts of courage and resource for the sake of reproaching a supposed abuse of these very qualities. After a time the world ceased to pay heed to this crusade, and the conscious failure of authority must have been very bitter to a writer whose earlier work commanded so much respect. Let us remember "Joshua Davidson," and forget the tirades against cycling, travelling, mountaineering women!

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Windsor Castle, was visited last week by the Duchess of Sparta, Crown Princess of Greece, the Duchess of Albany, Prince Mohammed Ali Pasha, brother of the Khedive of Egypt, with Sultan Mohammed Shah, the Maharajah of Kooch Behar, the Rajah of Kapurthala, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the Lord Chancellor, Sir Michael Hicks Beach and Lady Lucy Hicks Beach, the Duke of Portland, the Earl of Rosebery, Earl Granville, Lord George Hamilton, and other guests at dinner. The Queen received a number of gentlemen to invest them with orders of knighthood.

Her Majesty, with Princess Henry of Battenberg, has left Windsor for Osborne, Isle of Wight.

We regret to learn that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on Monday, at Waddesdon, Bucks, where he was the guest of Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, suffered a painful accident by a fall on the staircase, fracturing his left knee-cap.

The Princess of Wales accompanied the Duchess of Sparta on Monday to open the Greek bazaar, held in Belgrave Square, for the relief fund in aid of the distressed people in Greece.

The Duchess of Devonshire on Saturday, at Eastbourne, laid the foundation-stone of a new life-boat house, to be erected as a memorial of the late Mr. William Terriss. Mr. Charles Wyndham, Sir Edward Birkbeck, Mr. H. Lawson, the Vicar of Eastbourne, and the Archdeacon of Lewes, with some members of the Town Council, took part in the proceedings.

The Lord Mayor of London last week entertained the Secretary of State for War, the Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Connaught, and a large company of Generals and other distinguished officers of the Army with a dinner at the Mansion House. Speeches were made by the Marquis of Lansdowne and Lord Wolseley on the improvements in military administration.

The Bisley Rifle Meeting has been going on successfully in these two weeks of splendid weather. The Ashburton Challenge Shield for the public schools was won by Charterhouse; the Chancellor's Plate for the Universities by Cambridge; the Duke of Westminster's Cup by the Civil Service Rifles, and the Elcho Challenge Shield by England, with a score of 1585, against Scotland and Ireland, on Saturday. The Prince of Wales's Prize was won, after a tie, on Monday by Sergeant-Instructor G. A. Wallingford, of Hythe.

Captain Arthur Hill has been returned to Parliament for West Down, in place of Lord Arthur Hill, his father.

The London County Council last week adopted the proposals of the Highways Committee for working the lines of the London Tramways Company, which will require an expenditure needing a fresh loan of £800,000. The building of the Horton Asylum is to cost £284,000, and the Heath Asylum at Bexley over £350,000. A tunnel under the Thames, connecting Shadwell with Rotherhithe, and a footway tunnel from Greenwich to Millwall, are recommended by another committee.

A joint conference of South Welsh colliers and coal-owners was held at Cardiff on Saturday to discuss terms of a settlement, but the workmen insisted upon having an umpire; after which the employers issued a proposal of their own for the renewal of the old sliding scale of wages with an advance of five per cent.

At the Bank of England on Saturday, a messenger from Messrs. Coutts' bank was robbed of a bag containing £1000 in gold, which had been placed on the counter for him, with two similar bags, and was snatched away before the thief could be stopped.

On Monday evening, at the Earl's Court Exhibition, there was a serious disaster by the explosion of a storehouse of mimic torpedoes and blank cartridges kept for the show of a naval bombardment and of artillery batteries on shore. An elderly man named Davis, a railway servant, was killed on the spot, and two other men were severely hurt by flying fragments of the building.

The 2nd Battalion of the Grenadier Guards, under the command of Colonel Ricardo, left England on July 13 for Gibraltar, to take the place of the 1st Battalion, which goes to Egypt for the approaching campaign of Sir Herbert Kitchener's army in the Sudan.

The anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, on July 14, was celebrated in Paris with the usual festivities, and with a grand military review at Longchamps. President Faure has retired for brief repose to Rambouillet.

The German Emperor last week, being at Molde, in Norway, with his steam-yacht the *Hohenzoellern*, invited the officers of the British naval training squadron, J.L.M.S. *Raleigh*, *Volage*, *Champion*, and *Cleopatra*, then lying in that port, to an entertainment on board the imperial yacht, and friendly compliments were exchanged. At Trondhjem, on Sunday, his Majesty again met the *Raleigh*, and dined on board that ship.

The Khedive of Egypt has been at Venice, and has gone on to Vienna, travelling as a private visitor, and is going to a German spa for his health. The King and Queen of Greece are in Germany on their way to Copenhagen. Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria and the Princess have gone by way of Odessa to visit the Empress of Russia.

The trial at Versailles of M. Emile Zola, the novelist, and M. Perreux, of the *Aurore*, for a libel on Commandant Major Esterhazy's court-martial in the Dreyfus army scandal proceedings, resulted on Monday in the condemnation of both defendants to one year's imprisonment and a fine of 3000 francs. The case will go to the Court of Appeal. Several duels, with slight personal hurt, in connection with this affair, have recently been fought in Paris.

Italian war-ships, commanded by Admiral Candiani, have been sent to the South American port of Cartagena, to enforce payment by the Colombian Republic of a stipulated pecuniary compensation for injuries to an Italian merchant. It is not thought likely, however, that this incident will occasion warlike operations.



FORT AT MANZANILLO.



THE SQUARE, MANZANILLO.

VIEWS OF MANZANILLO, BOMBARDED ON JULY, 18 BY THE AMERICAN FLEET.

TORPEDO EXPERIMENTS AT PORTSMOUTH.

On July 18 successful experiments in torpedo-boat warfare were carried out at Portsmouth in the presence of Lord Wolesley. The manoeuvres took the form of a night attack, everything being arranged as in actual warfare. At ten o'clock the powerful search-lights on the Round Tower at Southsea Castle, and on a War Department steamer off the beach, were brought to play upon the harbour, to discover, if possible, the attacking flotilla of torpedo-boats which had been told off to "dodge" the lights. All the forts were manned, the defenders being served with blank ammunition. In Southsea Castle the 2nd Hants Artillery Volunteers were posted. The corps mustered

about nine o'clock at Landport Drill-hall and marched, headed by the band, to take up position in the Castle. At 10.15 a gun from Noman's Fort announced that something had been sighted. A boat was shortly discovered close to Gillkicker Point, and sharp firing became general. The beams from the search-lights on Gillkicker Point and Puckpool met those from Southsea Castle, and completely illuminated the area of approach. The area inside the range of these lights was watched over by the lights on the Round Tower and on the steamer off the beach. The other lights were not used, as it was assumed that the enemy had already run the gauntlet of the Needles Passage or had crept into Spithead by the eastern entrance. Very soon the heavy guns

of Southsea Castle announced the approach of another enemy from the eastward. In this case the vessel had dashed in by the easier eastward entrance, had crept along the Isle of Wight, and was attempting to elude the lights at a point where the rays were less powerful, between Gillkicker Point and Noman's Fort. The experiments attracted a great crowd of spectators, as the manoeuvres of the torpedo-boats could be easily followed from the shore the moment the vessels came within range of the search-lights. As each boat was discovered it retired, as the fire was too hot for any boat to have lived under it in actual war. The detection of boats was in all cases smartly accomplished, and proved the value of the search-light for harbour defence.



NIGHT ATTACK ON PORTSMOUTH BY TORPEDO-BOATS.

CANADA AND IMPERIAL POSTAGE.

The first step towards Imperial Penny Postage has been taken, the first step that, in this case, defies the proverb, for it cheapens instead of costs. The day of complete Imperial Penny Postage is sure to come. No King Canute of officialism can stay that tide of human fellowship and of commercial progress. All the same, to the pioneer belongs great credit; and to Canada, therefore, among all our colonies and dominions, that credit must now be given. In so saying, we deny nothing to Mr. Henniker-Heaton as the most vigilant of Parliamentary reformers. He has laboured for all colonies alike, but most of all, perhaps, for the very colonies that are still lagging behind. The colonies, therefore, that have adopted the Penny International Post have their own public spirit to thank. You may take the horse to the water, but not Mr. Henniker-Heaton can make him drink. The Cape and Natal have made the new venture; but Canada has led even among these leaders. It decided to carry letters to England for a penny some months ago. Then the Home Government, urged into prompt action, asked for a little delay and arranged for the conference which has resulted in the reciprocal penny post to and from England and the colonies already named.

The penny-halfpenny saved by writers of letters is a penny-halfpenny gained. Even that is a matter of moment to a multitude of correspondents. But the gain does not end there. This cheaper rate of intercommunication between the Mother-land and her possessions is a fosterer, as well as an outcome, of the Imperialism which all approve. It brings men closer to each other, and it is a healer of the pangs of exile. As such, quite apart from its commercial import, it is a legitimate subject of pride to all those who have brought it about. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his Government have done much to make England and Canada realise their kinship. The end of its first year of office saw the adoption of a preferential tariff for Great Britain, and a year later the project of an Imperial Penny Post had its birth.

The Canadian Postmaster-General, the Hon. William Mulock, Q.C., whose name and administration will always be associated with this reform, has given himself to its promotion with characteristic energy. Born in Canada in January 1843, he sprang from Irish stock on the side of his father, Thomas Homan Mulock of Banagher, and of Yorkshire stock on his mother's. In 1863 he graduated at Toronto University, of which he has been Vice-Chancellor since 1880. He was called to the Canadian Bar in 1867, and for nine years was the Equity Lecturer of the Law Society of Upper Canada. In 1882 he entered the Canadian House of Commons as Liberal member for North York—a seat he has held ever since. For fourteen years he sat

with his party in Opposition—years fruitful, at any rate, in hopes and plans which are now carried, or about to be carried, into effect. In July 1896 that period of inactivity ended, and Mr. Mulock entered the Cabinet of Sir Wilfrid Laurier as Postmaster-General—with results which



Photo Tabor, Dover Street.

THE HON. W. MULOCK, Q.C., POSTMASTER-GENERAL OF CANADA.

everybody knows. In talking of the triumph now won, not only as to the penny letter-post, but as to the reduction of the rates of parcels-postage between England and the Colonies, Mr. Mulock is anxious that the Duke of Norfolk, his brother official in the Home Government, shall have his fair share of the credit due to the results

of the Postal Conference. "The Duke," says Mr. Mulock, "was our chairman, and most constant in his attendance. He took a large view of the question, recognised the diversity of views, and evidently felt the responsibility of his position." Whatever good opinion the representative of Canada may entertain towards the Postmaster-General here at home is fully returned, we may safely say, by the Duke of Norfolk for the able representative sent to the Postal Conference by the Government of the Dominion.

PARLIAMENT.

The Irish Local Government Bill has been read a third time in the House of Commons, after a protest from Mr. Broadhurst against the manners of the Treasury Bench. Mr. Gerald Balfour happened to remark that Mr. Broadhurst knew nothing about a particular amendment, and since then Mr. Broadhurst has been beside himself with indignation. The closing debates on the Irish Bill were illuminated by the zeal of Mr. Lambert and Mr. Lloyd George. They took great exception to the financial provisions, which will have the effect of relieving the Irish landlords of half the poor rate and the Irish tenants of half the county cess. The Chief Secretary explained that the relief of the landlords was designed to safeguard them against oppression in the shape of excessive rating. The Bill of 1892 had sought the same end by a different means, which, as the Chief Secretary candidly admitted, had proved fatal to the whole project. To the financial arrangements for the benefit of the landlords, the Irish members offered no opposition, but a vigorous resistance was made by a small number of Radicals, who kept the House up all night. Mr. Balfour made a statement as to the remaining business of the session, and carried a motion which virtually suspends the twelve o'clock rule for the time. There is still a list of twenty-seven measures which Ministers hope to pass in the few remaining weeks of the session, but as one of these is the much-disputed Evidence in Criminal Cases Bill, the chances of passing the entire list, even with the help of all-night sittings, are not promising. In the House of Lords the Benefices Bill was disposed of after some very business-like discussions, which had the effect of strengthening the measure considerably. Under the Bill as it now stands, a clergyman who, by intemperate language, alienates his parishioners and empties his church, may be charged before a Judge of the High Court with a violation of "ecclesiastical duty." Indeed, pretty nearly every case in which a parson can be shown to have lost his influence by some personal fault will come within the scope of the Bill. During the debates the Archbishop of York took occasion to dissent from Lord Salisbury's dictum that there is "no discipline in the Church of England."

Lieut. Galwey, Major Gavin, Capt. Forbes, Lieut. Lipsett, Capt. Orr, Capt. King, Lieut. Milner, Lieut. Alderson, Lieut. Foshery, Major Lye, Capt. Kelly, Lieut. Lawrence.



Lieut. Furber, Major Lindsay, Lieut. Barton, Lieut. Haslam, Lieut. Potter, Capt. Davis, Lieut.-Col. Forster, Lieut. White, Lieut. Fox, Lieut. Fitzhugh.

AFTER THE TIRAH CAMPAIGN: OFFICERS OF THE 2ND BATTALION ROYAL IRISH REGIMENT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. S. WINTER, RAWAL PINDI.

Lord Wolseley has just been appointed Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment. The distinction of possessing a Colonel-in-Chief is enjoyed by very few regiments outside the Household troops.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

The surrender of the city of Santiago de Cuba, with its fortifications and garrison, and with the military occupation of all parts of the eastern province of that island excepting the districts of Manzanillo, to the west, and Holguin, to the north of Santiago, which still remain under Spanish command, took place on Sunday, as arranged between General Toral and General Shafter, with the assent of their respective Governments at Madrid and at Washington, through telegraphic official messages, in consultation on Friday and Saturday. General Shafter, with a portion of his troops, entered the city on Sunday morning and hoisted the American flag over the palace. The Spanish regular troops, to the number of twelve thousand, are to be conveyed home to Spain, having laid down their arms within the American lines, only the officers keeping their side-arms, while all military and naval stores, with a small gun-boat left by Admiral Cervera, remain in the possession of the United States army. The soldiers carry away with them any personal property they may have. Irregular troops, volunteers, and others, in the Spanish service, to be disbanded and disarmed, are released on parole, and supplies of food will be quickly sent to relieve the inhabitants of the city and neighbourhood, who have suffered much distress. Thirty thousand destitute fugitives are crowded in the villages around Santiago. The actual losses of General Shafter's army are stated at 21 officers and 225 soldiers killed in action, 98 officers and 1484 soldiers wounded, of whom 68 have died, and 84 missing; about six hundred men have been ill with the fever, but it is of a mild type, and few have died. Twelve only are the deaths from yellow fever hitherto reported. In General Shafter's opinion, to take Santiago by assault would have cost five thousand lives, on the one side and the other, as the Spaniards would have fought with desperate valour, and the approach was entangled with a network of defences. On each road entering the city, four barbed-wire fences and six barricades had been constructed. The harbour batteries and submerged mines are found to have been less formidable than was supposed. Commodore Schley, with steam-launches from different American war-ships, went up the harbour on Sunday, and it will speedily be cleared. General McKibben is appointed military governor of the city. The townspeople were nearly starving. The Commander-in-Chief of the American army, General Miles, is now in General Shafter's camp, but does not supersede his command of the force at Santiago. He is expected, however, to take direct command of the expedition about to be sent to Puerto Rico, which will consist of 25,000 fresh troops. No attack will be made on Havana sooner than October, but the war may perhaps cease before that date. A powerful naval squadron is being fitted out to cross the Atlantic, under Commodore or Admiral Watson, to assail the Canaries or the coast of Spain, to which Admiral Camara has returned. Later telegrams report the bombardment of Manzanillo and the destruction of six Spanish ships. A State paper has been issued by President McKinley laying down the lines for the provisional government of Santiago.

THE TROUBLE IN SIERRA LEONE.

To the south-east of the Manoh River in Sierra Leone, in the district where disturbances, to put it mildly, are still rife, is a tribe of perhaps 50,000 all told. These are the Vai people, whose name has been spelt Vi, Vei, and Vy; and the interest which attaches to them is due to the stage of intellectual development which they reached about sixty years ago, when Osali Bukere, one of their chiefs, under the influence of a dream, invented a syllabic character and, setting up schools, taught the people how to read and write. English is gradually superseding the native character. Events at the beginning of May of this year have probably retarded this improvement, and may even give the native literature a fresh impetus, for the two English and three French agents and traders had to flee from Manoh and Súlina. Both the Manoh and Súlina districts are very productive of commercial objects, and, for West Africa, very salubrious. No attempt has ever been made to develop the interior, but the people are very intelligent, and most anxious to work and trade, as is shown not only by the Vai literature, but by the superior nature of the "cloths" and other things manufactured in the country. Their progress has been greatly retarded by the continual petty raids for the purpose of procuring slaves, which was partly stopped by the late Captain Crawford; the people were only slowly coming back and beginning to rebuild their towns when this unfortunate outbreak took place.

Sherboro owes its position in British territory to Mr. Harris; for, about 1860, hearing from some chiefs that the French were coming by ship to take possession, he sent a messenger to Governor Hill, and was promptly told to place his concessions of Sherboro under the British flag, which was accordingly raised amidst the firing of a gun twenty-one times, with the assent and assistance of the Chief, George Caulker. Next day the French appeared, and had to acknowledge the fact that the colony of Sierra Leone had been still further extended, but that was nearly forty years ago; *tempora mutantur*.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON CHURCH.

On Thursday, July 14, the Collegiate Church of Stratford-on-Avon, which has just undergone restoration, was reopened by the Bishop of Bristol. The church, which dates from the 13th century, is dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and is rich in monuments and associations, the greatest being, of course, that of Shakspeare. The work of restoration has included the relaying of the floor in the nave and transepts and the reconstruction of the organ.

It was proposed also to reseat the church, to erect a new vestry, and to introduce electric lighting, but this part of the scheme is for the time being suspended owing to lack of funds. At the opening services a procession was formed headed by a chorister carrying a processional cross. Then came twenty-four boys in cassocks and surplices, followed by a banner and eighteen men in cassocks and surplices. A second banner preceded thirty-six clergy in surplices, and last came the Bishop of Bristol in his robes. After the service a luncheon was held in the Town Hall. The Mayor of Stratford presided and proposed the toast of the Church, to which the Bishop of Bristol replied. The Vicar, the Rev. G. Arbuthnot,



Photo Bedford, Stratford-on-Avon.

RESTORATION OF THE CHURCH, STRATFORD-ON-AVON: THE CHANCEL, WITH THE TOMB OF SHAKSPERE.

proposed the Houses of Parliament, and the Rev. F. Smith proposed the Drama, claiming a peculiar appropriateness for the toast when it was remembered who lay buried in the chancel of Holy Trinity. Mr. Benson responded. A second service, at which the Bishop of Bristol preached, was held after the banquet.

THE DISTURBANCES IN CHINA.

In different provinces of China, local insurrections, or rather outrages and raids, with overt rebellion against the imperial and local governments, by formidable roving bands of armed men, chiefly disbanded soldiery, continue to excite much alarm. This has occurred at several central towns on the Yang-tse-Kiang, to the risk and hindrance of European trade, and to the south, in Kwang-Tung and Kwang-Si, where the French authorities of Tonquin threaten to interfere for the restoration of order. A serious local riot has also taken place at Shanghai, provoked by the demolition of a joss-house and cemetery on ground purchased by a French company. Our Illustrations show the appearance of Shasi, on the Yang-tse-Kiang, after the mob had wrecked the principal buildings. Shasi stands at the nearest point of the river to the angle of the Han-Ho, and is connected with that river by a canal. The town is an important centre for the distribution of goods, principally cotton, brought from the western provinces, and destined for the Mid-China districts.

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the Name and Address of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

MUSIC.

Despite the fact that we are just upon the closing days of the opera, the authorities at Covent Garden have been very busy over the production of two new works, "Ero e Leandro," by Signor Mancinelli, and "Henri VIII.," by M. Saint-Saëns. The "Ero e Leandro" was only fairly successful as an operatic work. Boito's writing is—it cannot fail to be—the work of a literary man; it is full of elegant lyrics and graceful thoughts and pretty writing, but dramatically it is listless, lacking in vigour, and lackadaisical. The plot is, of course, "fattened" from the legend of Hero and Leander as we briefly know it. But the addition of a wicked High Priest, and a gathering of worshippers who break out into ballet upon any and every opportunity, do not heighten the situation. Here is a curious conclusion. When Boito is condensing drama for opera—as in "Otello" and "Falstaff"—he achieves an intensity which is unique in modern Italian libretto-writing. When you see him, as here, filling out a situation already defined and complete, he becomes terribly rapid and vacuous from a dramatic standpoint.

Signor Mancinelli's music is marked by singular industry, thoughtfulness, and a general sense of melody. He begins with an immense experience, and with a wide and broad knowledge of many masters of style; but musicianly and dignified as the result may be, it is questionable if these influences are altogether valuable in regard to an original achievement. He reminds us too much of many musicians and too little of one. In a word, his music never rises to a height of such pure inspiration as enslaves and charms the mind with no after-thoughts, no mental reservations. The general sentiment was one of quiet prettiness, but not of greatness. The influence

spread itself for the most part to the players. With one exception: M. Plançon as the mischievous High Priest sang superbly, and with a most cheerful belief in the beauty of his music. Madame Eames, however, as Ero, was, when one considers her wonderful voice and her extraordinary capabilities, at her poorest. At times she rose to the height of her vocal argument, but seemed indifferent to her part. That may have been the fault of the composer, and she may have done the best that was possible with the music; but the result was certain. M. Salceza struggled nobly with the part of Leandro, and the chorus sang exceedingly well. Mancinelli himself, of course, conducted.

Saint-Saëns' "Henri VIII." was another story. Even if it were not like to say that it was very much more original than Mancinelli's "Ero e Leandro"; but Saint-Saëns is nothing short of a genius in the management of his resources, with the result that the Frenchman's opera proved to be a most brilliant piece of work. To say that it is natural or that it is the result of a grandly first-rate inspiration would be to go very much too far.

Even to say that it is beautiful in essence would be an exaggeration. But in certain qualities it is wonderfully dazzling. Its orchestration is amazingly ingenious, and it works up to climaxes and dramatic developments with an assurance that is quite inevitable. Madame Héglon made her first appearance in London as Anne Boleyn, and sang, on the whole, nobly, looking the part quite charmingly. Madame Pacary's Catharine was quite the best part we have seen her take; and Renaud's Henri was not only a masterpiece in the way of make-up, but was sung capably. The *mise-en-scène* was very good, the Westminster Hall scene being more than effective, and the chorus was excellent. Mancinelli conducted with his usual conscientiousness and insight.

On the Wednesday of last week Melba made her appearance before a very crowded house in "Roméo et Juliette," and proved that in the part of Juliette she has really no vocal rival. Her interpretation of the character from the acting point of view is perhaps a little careless, a little self-confident. She possesses the stage somewhat too easily, too content to be herself rather than the character she is supposed to be assuming. But as a singer of this most sweet music she stands unsurpassed in these days. Her liquid notes, the perfect roundness of her tone, the delicious sweetness of her phrasing, place her separate and apart among singers of her time. She sang to Salceza's Roméo, very well played by that artist. Melba, it may be said, gives an extra night before the season closes.

M. Maurel's musical lecture last week at St. James's Hall was interesting and attractive. He dwelt upon dramatic vocalisation, and—left out Wagner in his consideration. It was a grievous fault, but what he did give us was admirable. He sang examples from operatic work and song work of the last two centuries, but—left out Wagner. What he sang, however, was excellently done. "Pur diesti" and other songs were enlisted in the business. He was delightful, but—he left out Wagner. One returns to that as Antony returned to the honesty of Brutus. Still, Maurel in his way is a genius, and there is an end of it.

PERSONAL.

The Duke of Norfolk, who has the busy man's faculty of finding time for everything, went down to Sheffield on Saturday to attend the funeral of Mr. M. J. Ellison, who had been the agent for the Norfolk property there ever since the year in which his Grace was born.

Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., is not a speech-maker. Indeed, he thinks so little of conventional speech-making that he found himself yawning at the Academy banquet, and, after a first experience, never went again. But, when the occasion offers, he can write out an opinion worth having, and one of his characteristically generous appreciations of a brother-artist has lately been made. "He tops us all" is the simple but affectionate tribute he offers to the artistic memory of Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, together with Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Osbourne and Mrs. Strong, has left London for Edinburgh, where she has visited the places most closely connected with her late husband's life and work, and received visits from the survivors among his old friends.

The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, M.A., the new President of the Wesleyan Conference, was born

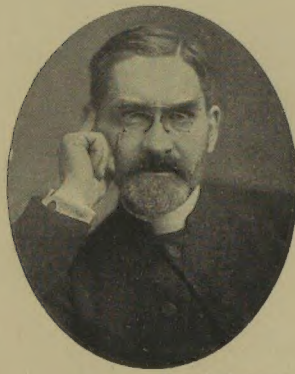


Photo Russell and Sons.

THE REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES, President of the Wesleyan Conference.

of Carmarthen in 1847, and thus attains the honour at an almost unprecedentedly early age. The grandfather of Mr. Hughes was a popular Welsh preacher; his father a doctor of medicine, a man of public distinction and social influence. On his mother's side he inherits Jewish blood. He himself boasts that he has affinities with the Semitic, Celtic, and Teutonic races. The new President was educated at a private school at Swansea, and was intended for the Bar. During his schooldays he began to preach, and came to the conclusion he would like to be a Methodist preacher, and asked his father's permission. The swift reply was that he would rather see his son a Methodist preacher than Lord Chancellor. On leaving school he spent four years at Richmond Theological College as a divinity student under the late Dr. Moulton. He afterwards took his M.A. degree at the London University. He is a brilliant student, and in his earlier days was an enthusiastic athlete. He is strongly in favour of the extension of the term of the Itinerancy, the admission of women to the Conference, and the change in the order of Conference sessions, placing a larger share of power in the hands of the laity.

A committee is to sit in Ottawa to consider claims for the new medals which the Canadian Government, with the sanction of the Queen, is to award to the men who did service in the Fenian Raids of 1866 and 1870, and in the Red River Expedition. Some men served in more than one of these campaigns, but only one medal will be granted by a jealous Government, which is determined not to make the issue too cheap. There will be issued, in addition, a clasp for each campaign.

At the Tynwald Court held in the Isle of Man on July 5 Sir William Leese Drinkwater was presented with



Photo Dean, Douglas, Isle of Man.

SIR W. L. DRINKWATER.

an address and a beautiful casket in commemoration of his fifty years as Deemster and member of the Manx Legislature. Sir William, who was born in 1812, is M.A. of St. John's College, Cambridge, and a barrister of the Northern Circuit. He was appointed Deemster in 1847, from which he lately retired after fifty years' service on the Bench. He was knighted in 1877. The position of Deemster, besides involving the highest judicial offices, carries with it the duties of a legislator in the Upper House, or Council, of the Isle of Man; and in recognition of his long and valued services the Tynwald Court, which comprises both branches of the Manx Legislature, made their presentation to him at the annual promulgation of laws, which, according to the ancient custom, takes place yearly on July 5 at the Tynwald Hill. The annals of history may be searched in vain to find the record of another Judge who has actively held office for half a century.

The Stanhope Gold Medal, awarded for the most courageous act of 1897, has been presented to Gunner George B. Chaney, of the gun-boat *Dryad*. Last year, off Retimo, Crete, Chaney saved three comrades of a bathing party from drowning, and supported another man in the water until relieved by a boat's crew. The presentation was made on board the depot-ship *Pembroke* at Chatham.

India loses a distinguished son in Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, third Baronet, whose death was announced from Bombay on July 18. Sir Jamsetjee was the grandson of the wealthy Parsee whose philanthropy and loyalty won him a title in 1857. Twenty-one years ago the Baronet just deceased succeeded his father in the baronetcy, and assumed the name Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy in place of his patronymic of Manekjee Cursetjee. He sustained the family reputation for loyalty and munificence, and, like his predecessors, was head of the Parsees in Bombay. He followed the merchant's calling and took an active part in public life, being a magistrate and member of the Legislative Council. His son Cursetjee succeeds him, and will, in terms of the special Act of 1860, assume the name of Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy. The late Baronet was only forty-seven years of age.



Photo Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE SIR JAMSETJEE JEEJEBHOY.

A very notable work is a handsome folio dealing with "Queen Victoria's Treasures in Windsor Castle." Its great value lies in the beautiful plates, reproduced in colour-lithography by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode; while the Marquis of Lorne contributes the letterpress. The price is twelve guineas and £6 16s. 6d. for different editions.

By the death of Mrs. Lynn Linton English literature loses a notable contributor and literary



Photo Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE MRS. LYNN LINTON.

circles a striking personality. Elizabeth Lynn was born in 1822. She was the youngest child of the Rev. James Lynn, Vicar of Crosthwaite, and granddaughter of Dr. Samuel Goodenough, Bishop of Carlisle. At the age of twenty-three Miss Lynn came to London, where she made her earliest public ventures in literature under the guidance of Walter Savage Landor. Her first book was "Azeth the Egyptian," which was followed by a story of ancient Greece. Journalism soon claimed Miss Lynn, and her hand became well known in the periodicals. Her marriage in 1858 to the late W. J. Linton, the eminent wood-engraver, proved no interruption to Mrs. Lynn Linton's literary work. In articles and sketches she was perhaps at her best, but she did not abandon novel-writing, and at least two conspicuous successes in fiction awaited her in "The True Story of Joshua Davidson" and "Under Which Lord?" Her *Saturday Review* essays on "The Girl of the Period" contained her gospel of woman, as far as a consistent gospel was possible to one who allowed herself the "old-womanly" privilege of being at times a little indefinite in doctrine. Acrimony, which now and then found place in her writings, formed no part of Mrs. Lynn Linton's real character. Her vehemence was but the outcome of her sincerity.

In the forthcoming expedition to Khartoum a brigade will be commanded by the Hon. Neville Gerald Lyttelton, C.B., who has thirty-three years' Army service to his credit. His experience of campaigning abroad is considerable. In the Jowaki Campaign of 1877 Colonel Lyttelton served with the 4th Battalion Rifle Brigade, and in 1882 during the Egyptian War he was aide-de-camp to Sir John Acland, Chief of the Staff. He bore a distinguished part in the engagements of Tel-el-Mahute, Kassassin, and Tel-el-Kebir, for which he was mentioned in despatches, and received the brevet rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, the medal and clasp, the fourth class of the Osmanieh, and the Khedive's star. For the last eight months he has held the post of Assistant Military Secretary at Headquarters. From 1894 he was officer in charge of mobilisation services.



Photo Elliott and Fry.

COLONEL THE HON. N. G. LYTTELTON, Commanding a Brigade in the Sudan.

Countess Cadogan, with her usual interest in Irish industries, has taken steps to secure their adequate representation at the Paris Exhibition of 1900. An influential meeting was held on July 11 at Chelsea House, to consider the furtherance of the scheme.

A not well-advised correspondent writes to complain of the bad logic in the term "Spanish-American" as applied to the war. "Why not," he asks, "'European-American'?" The answer, of course, is that the term "American" has been made by the people of the United States to apply to the sixty millions who inhabit that country, to the exclusion of the inhabitants of Canada, who are Canadians, and of South America, who are Brazilians, Peruvians, and all kinds of things, but not Americans in the sense that a citizen of the United States is an American. We think it will be found that the inhabitants of the United States have a power to override even our very logical correspondent in the matter, and that the term "American" as applied to them will go down the centuries.

The new member of Parliament for Gravesend, Mr. John Herbert Dudley Ryder, is the eldest son of the Hon. Henry Dudley, and nephew of the Earl of Harrowby.

His mother was Susan Juliana Maria Hamilton, daughter of the late Mr. Villiers Dent, of Barton Court, Lynton. Mr. Ryder was born in 1864, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He is a partner in the banking firm of Messrs. Coutts and Co., and is on the Peace Commission for London. He also holds office as Deputy Lieutenant for Staffordshire. Eleven years ago Mr. Ryder married the youngest daughter of the late Right Hon. W. H. Smith. His country residence is Lyne Grove, Virginia Water. The contest at Gravesend was close, Mr. Ryder defeating Mr. Runciman by 417 votes.



Photo Elliott and Fry.

MR. J. H. DUDLEY RYDER, New M.P. for Gravesend.

There probably never has been a reference library of the same validity as the "Encyclopedia Britannica." Within its five-and-twenty volumes the knowledge of the whole world is presented succinctly, clearly, and scientifically in such a way as could not be surpassed by a whole series of special monographs. The price alone has prevented many people from possessing the great work. But that need no longer be an obstacle, for the *Times* offers the *Encyclopedia* at a reduction of 60 per cent. on the publisher's catalogue price. Attention must be called to the fact that this unique offer will be withdrawn on or before Aug. 6. Before that date you may get the work for £14 in cloth, paying a guinea to start with, and the rest on the delivery of the twenty-five volumes. In half-morocco the work costs £18, and in full-morocco £28. A revolving bookcase to hold it costs only £3. You may purchase the *Times* edition by monthly payments.

A new era in Irish politics is believed by some to have been ushered in by the election of Sir Robert Sexton as Lord Mayor of Dublin for 1899.

Sir Robert, who has been elected by the National Council, is the first Conservative who has occupied the Mayoral chair for fifteen years. The Lord Mayor-Elect was born in 1814, and is the son of Samuel Sexton, of Billedston, Suffolk, and Jane, daughter of John Pilgrim, of Watfasham, in the same county. In 1888 he contested the St. Stephen's Green Division of Dublin in the Conservative interest. He is a D.L. and J.P., and has been chairman of the South Dublin Board of Guardians since 1886. In 1840 Sir Robert married Anne, daughter of John Taylor, of Stratford-upon-Avon, who died in 1881. Sir Robert was knighted in 1892.

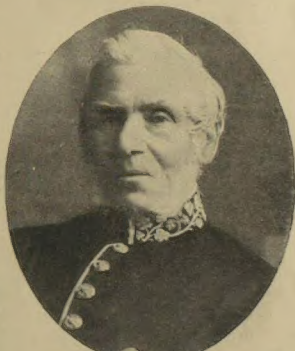


Photo Lafayette, Dublin.

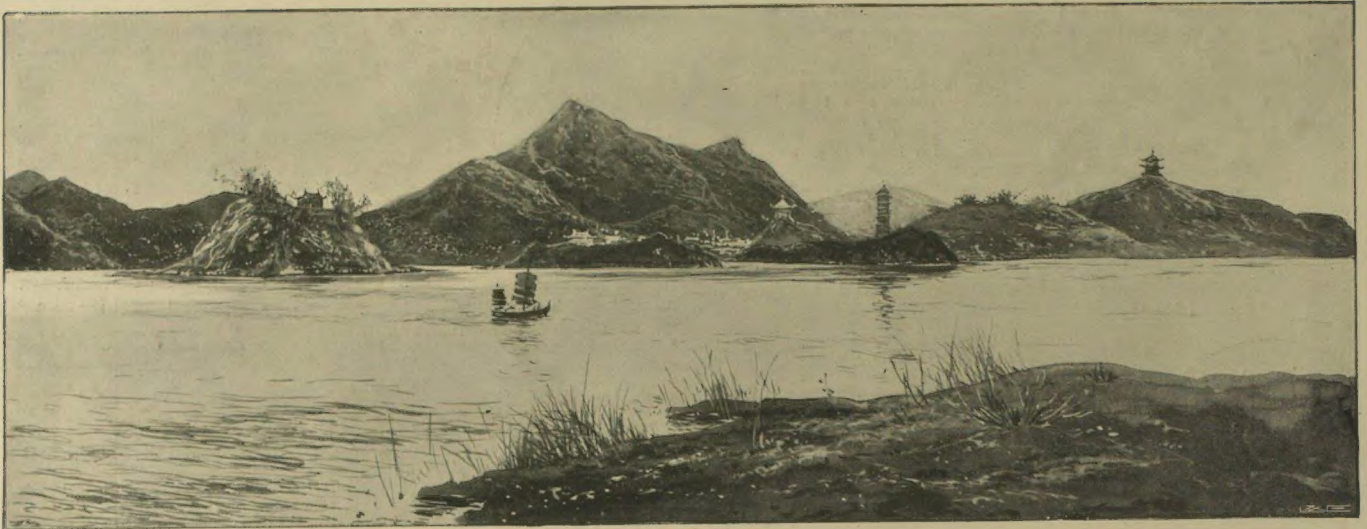
SIR ROBERT SEXTON, Dublin Mayor-Elect of Dublin.

For the convenience of holiday-makers on the Continent, cheap tickets will be issued to Brussels, available for eight days, via Harwich and Antwerp. A through carriage will run from Antwerp to Pepinster for Spa. Passengers leaving London in the evening reach Brussels next morning, after a comfortable night's rest on board the steamer. For visiting the Hague, Amsterdam, and other parts of Holland, the Rhine, North and South Germany, and Bâle for Switzerland, special facilities are offered by the Great Eastern Railway Company's Royal Mail Harwich-Hook of Holland route, through carriages being run to Amsterdam and Berlin, and also to Cologne and Bâle. The General Steam Navigation Company's fast passenger steamers will leave Harwich on July 27 and July 30 for Hamburg, returning July 31 and Aug. 3.

THE DISTURBANCES IN CHINA: AFTER THE SHASI RIOTS.

From Sketches by Mr. W. McCarthy.

The Lun-wang-shau, "Dragon Prince Mountain."

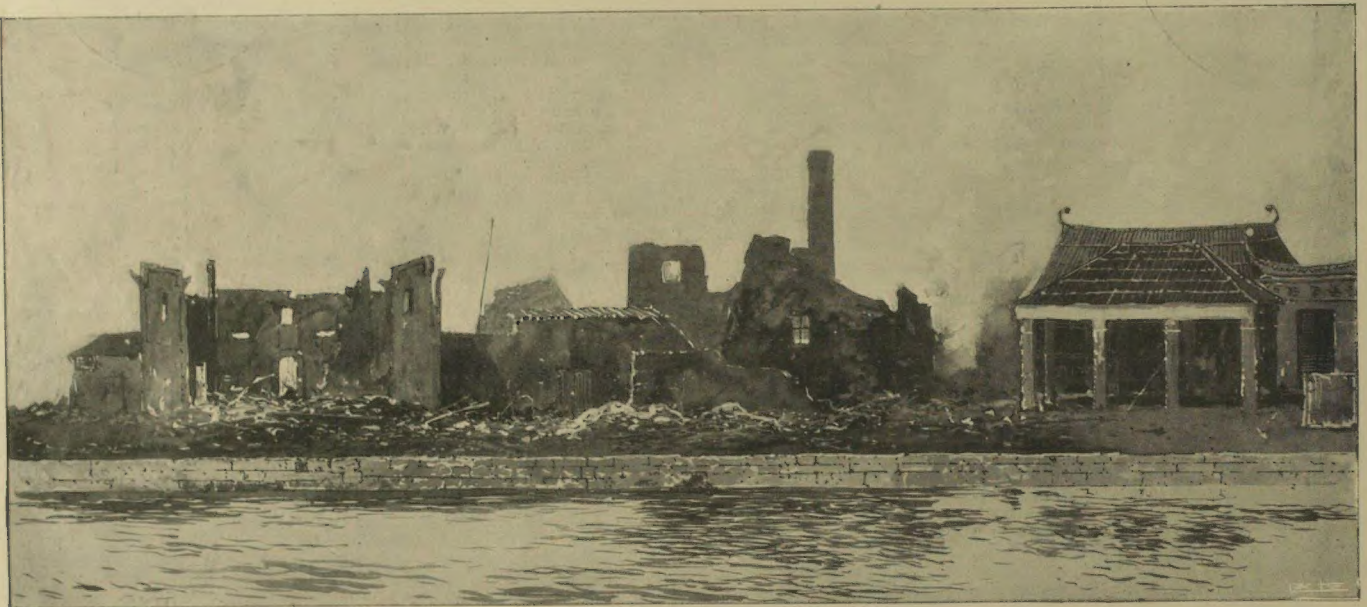


Temple.

The City of Yoh-chau, from which the Shasi Rioters came.

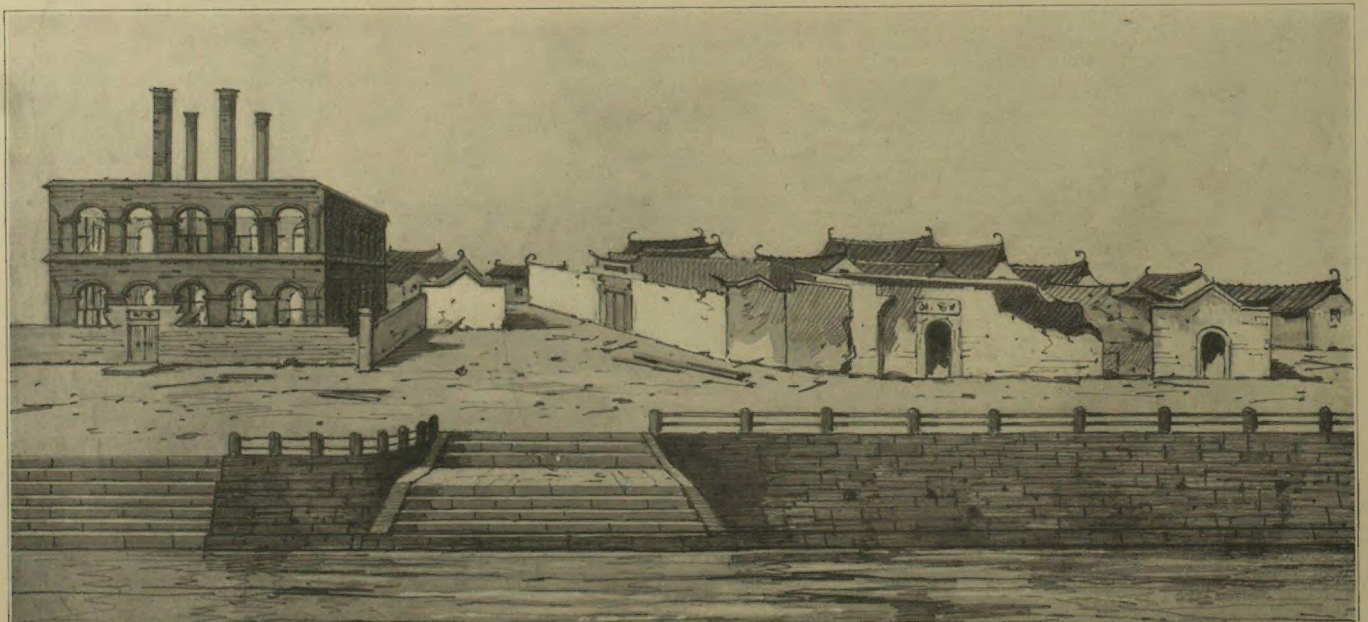
Entrance to the Lake from the Yang-tse.

HUNAN: ENTRANCE TO TONG-KING LAKE.



RUINS OF THE JAPANESE CONSULATE.

CUSTOM HOUSE EXAMINATION-SHED, WITH CUSTOMS BANK BEHIND.
THE INTERIOR OF THE CUSTOMS BANK WAS ENTIRELY DESTROYED BY FIRE.



RESIDENCE OF THE COMMISSIONER OF CUSTOMS.
ONLY THE SHELL STANDING.

RUINS OF THE CHINA MERCHANTS STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANT'S OFFICES.



Towing-path Bess

by RICHARD PRYCE

ILLUSTRATED BY GUNNING KING.

"I'm a beast," said Towing-path Bess; "I'm a beast, that's what I am."

She stood at the edge of the water, and, holding her face low, looked outwards from under her lowering brow as a sibyl perhaps may have looked. The canal and the night made no answer. She was rugged and bold in her lines (a big girl with a grim and a grimy expression), and not very pretty, except when she smiled; but then one might say she was beautiful, nor be stretching the truth overmuch. She had white teeth and a wholesome mouth with lips that were as red as the reddest of cherries. She had a great deal of dingy hair, which in front hung heavily over her forehead and at the back was lumped into a knot you could hardly call tidy. She "did" this by touch and a twist of her arm, the bent hairpins knowing their places it seemed, and keeping them with less or more certainty.

She repeated the name she had called herself, and she lived through the incident over again. She was rough and a beast, and no wonder the other girls hated her. An organ had suddenly sounded. Now, organs would draw her as magnets draw steel, so that, none being too loud for her or loud enough (the sledge-hammer beat as of blows on an anvil but setting her blood in glad tumult), she even envied the babies cradled close by the barrels and nursed to the song of the metal. When she heard the first notes, therefore, she set off to run, and had run in her haste at a turn in the street full tilt up against a strange man. It was from her, then (albeit in fault, or perhaps for that reason!), that the torrent of angry abuse that led to her subsequent shame had proceeded. The impact was disintegrating, or, as she would have put it, one to "knock y' silly." Her hair was shaken loose under her shabby hat. She put up her hands to it, pausing not for a moment in her volley of wrathful invective, and pushed in the wavering hairpins. The man, who looked frankly surprised, did not give what he got, but looked down; and Towing-path Bess saw that he was not alone, but was holding a little boy by the hand.

"Hear that, Tommy?" he said, when he got his breath (and speaking with more breezy an accent than any with which Towing-path Bess was familiar). "Young woman wants to know why we don't look where we 'm goin'."

Tommy was three (at a guess), and was frightened. First a round little fist went to his eyes. Then he buried his face in the hollow of a sturdy little arm. Towing-path Bess flushed slowly.

"What's up with 'im?" she said.

The man stooped and took the little boy in his arms. He was a big man—young, deep-chested, muscular; and Bess saw that he had eyes like bits of blue sky.

"Come, buck up, my son!" he said, and looked

towards his shoulder where Tommy was hiding his face. Towing-path Bess saw the boy's flaxen hair against the brown of his father's, and the delicate fairness of his skin against the bronze of the sinewy neck. "Come, buck up; be a man." He looked then at the girl. "He's not used to rough ways," he said, and spoke half apologetically. "But he'll soon have to learn to be, won't he?" The child nestled close to his face. "He's no mother, you see."

Towing-path Bess fled to hide herself. She was a beast, she said to herself; a beast, a beast, and spoke to the silent canal. Nothing else had her confidence. This bit of London was hers. She turned her sullen eyes up the tideless stream and saw the reflection of stars in the water. Yes, this bit of London was hers. "Not used to rough ways," she informed the canal, her hands at her sides and her lips drooping at the corners. "Not used to rough ways . . . and no mother. . . ." Nor had she, Towing-path Bess, as the water knew well. She caught her breath again. "Not used to rough ways. . . ."

She lived with her father (or mostly without him, yet kept him in part) in a room overlooking the canal. Her father worked on and off. He called himself a horse-keeper, and might, had he chosen, have been in constant employment at the omnibus yards, but discharged himself as often as not, taking long spells of odd jobs (when the rent fell on Towing-path Bess), and sometimes loafed frankly, and drank at all times without shame, and was now a cab-washer, now a runner; but had always, whatever he did or did not, a curse and a blow for his daughter. Bess's mother had "stood" him as long as she could, but the canal had received her at last. So Towing-path Bess, who had known little gentleness, shaped her life strangely. She kept out of his way, and she lost little love on him. Love at this time had no place in her heart.

"Ave to learn to be, will he?" she said to the water. "And why? 'Cause the world's full of beasts."

She turned towards her home.

The house where the room was that served her for that was red-tiled and low, and a relic and record of the time when the canal at this point ran through country instead of the thick of the town. Here, by some miracle in a moving world, Towing-path Bess had lived from her birth. The house was built in on three sides. The fourth faced the strip of black earth that gave her her name; and opposite, on the other side of the canal, was a timber-yard where upon a time had raged a great fire that made one of Bess's most early impressions. This fire—a lurid but somewhat formless memory to her—accounted for the comparative newness of two or three of the buildings adjoining the yard.

Towing-path Bess looked out upon wood at her leisure, and at her work spent the bulk of her days in handling it. She was employed at chopping at some neighbouring sheds, and was at war with fate and her kind. Had she known it, however, her fellows were not of her kind—or, rather, not wholly, for Towing-path Bess came on one side of gipsies. When she fretted and chafed, and beat on the bars of her cage, the blood of the mother who had given her the red mouth and the white teeth was boiling and surging in her veins like many a mountain torrent at which her forefathers had drunk in the course of their wanderings, and she might almost have guessed, as she chopped with the vigour of active protest under the gloomy railway arch or in the wooden outbuildings, that the sky where it was blue and open, and the trees where they were green and spreading, and the fields and the moors and the lanes were her heritage, and that here in the heart of the town she was living in exile. But when she was sluttish and dogged her ne'er-do-well father was asserting his claim on her. She sighed heavily. Never before had she felt so lonely. She had thought that she had chose to be solitary, making few friends. She kept herself to herself, as she would have told you with brusqueness, or even defiantly; and lived her life by the canal, where the slow-gliding barges went by and told her of places that somehow weren't London. She never wearied of watching them. She spent even her holidays here by the murky and motionless stream, and a bargee or two who knew her called her Dotty Bess for her pains. But she was fond of the towing-path, that was all, and as sane as the best of us. The other girls hunted in couples or threes; Towing-path Bess linked arms with no one. She thought, as I say, that she chose to be solitary; yet she had felt desolate when, having gone once alone to Blackheath on an August "First Monday" she had spent the day looking on, with only a flicker of happiness at dusk in a wild riot of kiss-in-the-ring with a parcel of strangers. She had been chased in the game and kissed, too, as often as any other of the heated players, but when all was over she was alone as before, and held the hand of no friend, wore the hat of no sweetheart. Blackheath and Hampstead, Putney and Rosherville, belonged to all who went thither in couples or companies. This bit of London was hers, and held things that were to her as solace for wrongs; so in summer she haunted the towing-path.

It was whiter in many places than it was black; for lime and cement, and even salt, powdered parts of it as with soiled snow. Some of the men in the barges who called out to her had faces that might have been floured. But coal was abundant too, and whole reaches were black with the dust of it, so that contrasts were violent. In summer there were patches of green here and there, where

grass had sown itself on some scrap of waste ground, or perhaps had been left undisturbed; and for some, thirty yards in one spot the farther bank had an edging of rushes. Towing-path Bess would sit opposite this oasis of verdure. It spoke to her somehow. She had seen a sooty sparrow chase an exiled dragon-fly over these reeds, and something like memories had been stirred in her. It was as if a thing that had once been familiar to her had happened. Yet the darting and poisoning fly with the dazzling body had been as foreign a creature to her as to the fascinated sparrow. The reeds had taken their place at once as part of the vague and delicious impression. There was no one to see Bessy then, and she did not look sullen.

Towing-path Bess thought of that now. The man with the eyes like bits of blue sky and the little boy with straw-coloured hair (there was straw oftentimes in the barges) fitted into the picture and seemed to be part of it.



She was seen once to dart into the road towards a child playing with children.

Bessy's face softened, and tears found an unwonted way to her eyes.

Something had come over Towing-path Bess. The girls at the wood-shed eyed her with furtive amusement, and sometimes with an amusement that was not furtive at all. They had all of them lovers of sorts. Emma Barntree walked out with a promising dustman; Maud Rass with a painter; Jinny Siploft, the flirt, had a dozen to choose from. It was time Towing-path Bess had a bloke. She had something she hid in her bosom and took thence at odd moments to look at. The thing had become known. Whatever it was she concealed in her breast, she treated it like a charm or a fetish. No one had seen it. So "blokes" being, as it were, in the air, Maud Rass said a "photo," and rallied Bess roundly on having a bloke after all.

"'Oo is he, Bess?" said Emma Barntree.

"Whatch done with 'im, eh?" said Jinny Siploft. "'Ere, girls, 'ere's Tow-path Bess got a blowke an' ain't said nothin'!"

They crowded round her till Bess looked thunders, and then they drew off with a "Crorsy."

"And a blowke!" said Jinny Siploft, "a blowke! What? Tow-path Bess, with a fice like that! I don't believe it. No fear! It'd frighten 'em."

"You let ma fice alone, see," said Towing-path Bess. "It's good enough for what I want it for."

Still, there was something different about her, and always the something she carried next her heart, and the girls believed she had a lover. They never saw her with anyone, however, but noticed that she spent less of her time by the canal. They saw her often in the evenings walking rapidly through the streets and scanning the faces of people as one who seeks a face among faces. She was seen once to dart into the road towards a child playing with

children and whisk him round (one hand on her bosom) and search his features for a moment, and then (her hand falling quickly) turn away disappointed.

What was up with Towing-path Bess? And what did she keep in her bosom? The girls at the wood-sheds talked more and more. Maud Rass held to the guess she had made.

"It's one o' yem photos on glass," she said; "you know—what they takes in the street. Like that there fella at 'Ampstead done o' me and Fred, with the gold rahnd. And it's Tow-path Bess and 'er chap, that's what it is."

"Then where's 'er chap?" said Emma Barntree. "What she done with 'im? I don't believe she's got none. Why don't 'e tike 'er out if she 'as?"

Jinny Siploft laughed.

"'E's give 'er the slip," she said; "that's about the size of it."

"She's looking for 'im," said Emma Barntree, with a look of enlightenment.

your eyes and your mouth. Bessy snorted in the discomfort of it. It was choking, gritty, and very fine. Jinny's hand seized the throat of Bessy's dress. Bessy's face changed in a moment. It was that, was it? That! She twisted round suddenly.

"I'll 'ave y' in the canal," she said under 'er breath; "see if I don't. I'll put y' in the water—all the lot of y'."

"Now get 'er feet, Jinny—quick!"

"You keep 'er back, then."

"Mind y' fice."

"Lemme go, j'ear!"

"Now then . . . jolly soon show you, ma girl. . . . Do that agyne! . . . See that! . . . That's what you'll git!"

Sentences were detached and broken. Bess got an arm free, and flung one of the girls from her. It was Emma Barntree, who staggered, and then, recovering her balance, sprang like a cat. Jinny Siploft and she collided as they grabbed at the hand that was now upon the hand of Maud Rass and trying to loosen its grasp. Maud Rass held on. Bessy's left sleeve was torn up from the wrist to the shoulder; and Emma Barntree, after attack and repulse (Jinny Siploft engaging her adversary's attention), succeeded at last in getting hold once more of her fore-arm, bare now, and the harder to hold. She held it with both hands, and swung to and fro as Bess rocked her in impatient fury. Jinny Siploft chose her moment, and flung herself upon the victim, clasping her about the body. Then it was that the girls' voices were raised. Up to that moment they had spoken in breathless tones and somewhat low; now cries broke from them, so that the reach rang with cries. They were thrown off by the wooden palings, and thrown off the water, too, or it seemed so; and one listening would have thought they echoed through the stacks of wood in the timber-yard on the opposite bank. The towing-path at nightfall was always deserted. Two barges or three lay in line higher up, and, nearer, a barge which Bessy, noting it vaguely earlier in the evening, remembered not to have seen there in the morning. No smoke came from it (or the others), but at the sound of the cries a form suddenly stirred in the hay with which it was laden. Bessy, however, was not crying for help, nor thinking of it, nor did she see the man move. Her blood was up. She would fight her own battle. She would throw her antagonists into the water. They should never see what she hid in her bosom. Not if she died for it, not if she and the lot of them were drowned like rats. She gathered her forces for the effort, and by her weight and her strength urged herself and her opponents towards the water. Emma Barntree screamed shrilly, Maud Rass planted her feet and tried to avert the disaster. It seemed as if they would have to let go or let Bessy fulfil her intention, when on a sudden Jinny Siploft succeeded in tripping her up, and Bessy fell heavily. . . .

She had, and has, only a confused sense and knowledge of what happened afterwards. There was a moment of anguish which nobody seemed to take count of. The girls fell on her, suffocating her, blinding her, pinioning limbs they did not appear to discover were nerveless. Jinny Siploft unbuttoned her bodice (Bessy now unresisting—held down as they thought), and took thence the thing she (Towing-path Bess) had fought hard to keep eyes and keep hands off. Then she heard screams of laughter; then the voice of a man; then abusings such as she had indulged in herself on a day to her shame. After that exclamations, with inflections of surprise and remorse, and some terms of endearment.

"Bessy! Bessy, old girl. It was only our fun. Bess darlin', Bess. We didn't mean it. We didn't, strite. Bess, speak to us."

Jinny Siploft and Emma Barntree were crying. Maud Rass was wringing her hands.

Someone who was not Jenny nor Emma nor Maud bent over her. She saw a pair of eyes that made her think of many things—something about an organ and rushes and a bird and a strange fly, and—and something she wanted to keep. . . . Where was it, the little child's toy?—the Jubilee medal—for him—you know, the little chap what she frightened. Then a long time seemed to pass. There had been a fire, and sparks and brands had flown this way and that. They thought the whole place would burn down. It was there at the timber-yard. But her mother had drowned herself, and her father was drunk and was striking her. Oh, the pain! Oh, oh! Was it she who was groaning or somebody else? Her leg, her leg! They were lifting her. She was in somebody's arms. She was dreadfully heavy, she knew. The arms held her firmly. It was good to have kind arms about her like that . . . never before . . . no, never. She groaned again and moved a hand feebly towards her chest.

"It's 'ere, Bess. I got it, my darlin'. Don'tchoo worry, see! It ain't 'urt."

Jinny Siploft put back the damp hair tenderly from her forehead. They had splashed water upon her. She supposed she had fainted. Was it far where they were taking her? Oh! oh! But no, nothing. She was quite comfortable. She was crying, she couldn't help it. Her head rested on the shoulder where another head had rested once. She caught her lip between her teeth. She . . . couldn't help it. She was just a great rough beast. . . .

They were putting her into a cab. She had never been in one before. It hurt dreadfully. Jinny Siploft

came, too, and the man who had carried her. Emma Barntree was on the box with Maud Rass on her knee. A crowd followed. She was going to the Orspital. Even in her pain she felt something of pride. She was quite herself now, and thanked everyone. She was excited and felt a little bit dizzy. The girls clustered round her at the door and kissed her and kissed her. They all of them cried. Each came back to hug her again. There was a little confusion, and in it Bessy found that she had been separated from Tommy's father without sending Tommy (for whom she had searched high and low and by whom, indirectly, she came to the plight she was in) her gift and her message. The medal was in her hand, into which, at the last, Jinny Siploft had hurriedly thrust it, and now Tommy's father was gone, and she was alone with strangers, and never would see him again. She cried a good deal in the night, but not for the pain of the newly set limb nor the distress of the fever that seemed to consume her.

The next day brought the first great surprise: flowers for her! For Towing-path Bess!

"It's a mistake, Miss," she said to the nurse. "They can't be for me."

The nurse shook her head, and understanding, yet wanted to laugh. (Bessy, pale as she was, looked robust for a funeral wreath of white lilies, the form of the offering chosen and sent by the girls at the woodsheds!)

"No," said the nurse, when she was sure of her voice, "there's no mistake. Look!"

A soiled piece of paper was attached to the flowers with a legend which ran, "For dear old Bessy, hoping she is much better as this leaves us and will soon return to her sorrowful friends Jinny Siploft, Maud Rass, E. Barntree, Lizzie Hope, +, Mrs. Cath's mark, A. Lawton, Maria Pettifox, (Mrs.) Jane Finkson, Our Polly, Luce Smith—," and a dozen more.

Every girl at the sheds had subscribed!

"Oh, Miss," said Bessy, "Oh, Miss!"

The nurse suggested unfastening the flowers and distributing them among vases, but Bessy, seeing nothing incongruous in a wreath, preferred to keep them as they were. They were sprinkled with water accordingly and slipped over one of the short posts of the bed, where Bessy could see and could smell them.

The paper she kept in her hand, and with keen pleasure

and infinite labour spelled through every signature. She stopped at the last with surprise. It was unfamiliar. It seemed to be Thomas Oakover. She knew no such person. She puzzled for a long time, and the nurse caught her eye and came to her smiling.

"Can you read writin's, Miss?" Bessy asked. "Not like printin', y' know, but letters."

The nurse thought she could.

"It's a nime what I stick at," said Bessy importantly. "What'd you like that to be, Miss?"

The nurse took the smudged sheet with its blots and its strange hieroglyphics and scanned it. Bessy's forefinger pointed bluntly.

The man with the eyes like the bits of blue sky (by what representations I know not) had, with Tommy, got access to Bess.

"He's no mother, you see," he said, lifting the child (medal in hand) to his knee, "and he thinks—well, he thinks that he'd like one. See here," he lowered his voice, "the canals aren't all like yours—here in London. There's green fields by the side of 'em and trees, and birds sings out there in the country, and my barge, she's a beauty—and what do you say to it? Tell me."

The afternoon sun fell on Towing path Bess, and laid stress on the whiteness of all that was about her. It laid stress on her claim to good looks, let me say; and it

showed that her hair, when it was washed and kempt, was like copper that's polished.

"I'm such a rough beast," she said, catching her breath.

The man without further ado kissed her gently.

"You make haste and get well," he said tenderly.

THE END.

St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, is to have its Poets' Corner, and the first memorial to be placed there will be that to Robert Louis Stevenson. The executive committee now consider that sufficient funds are in hand to proceed with the memorial, and have accordingly decided that it shall take the form of a mural monument with a medallion portrait, executed in high relief. It will be erected in the Moray aisle of the Cathedral. The commission has



"He's no mother, you see," he said, lifting the child (medal in hand) to his knee.

"Mary Ann Orson," it looks like," she said; "perhaps it's Horson."

"Not that one," said Towing-path Bess; "that's Flash Mary Ann right enough, that is. It's under."

"Thomas Oakover," read the nurse, without hesitation.

"That's what I thought," said Bess. "There isn't a girl of the nime at the sheds."

"It's a man's name," said the nurse.

"Don't know 'im, then," said Bessy.

"You've an unknown friend," said the nurse, "and that's a good thing to have."

Bessy blushed rosily.

"Oh, if it was 'im," she said to herself; "if it was 'im!"

The day after brought the greatest wonder of all. It was visiting day.

been placed in the hands of the eminent American sculptor, Mr. St. Gaudens, who has already produced several portraits of Stevenson taken from life. The funds already in hand amount to £1400, but it is hoped that this sum will be yet further increased to permit of the placing of a red granite seat on the Calton Hill, whence there is a superb view of the Firth of Forth. This subsidiary memorial is perhaps more truly after the heart of Stevenson, whose wish was to be "under the wide and starry sky," and "the Calton" commands much that he has made his own and his readers'. As you look from its brow over the Firth, Edinburgh with her castle lies behind you, Arthur's Seat towers on the right, and on the left, away to the northward, lies Queensferry, so suggestive to the good Stevensonian.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR: THE INVASION OF CUBA.

Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. H. J. ...



BURNING A YELLOW FEVER HOSPITAL BY ORDER OF GENERAL SUMNER.



SUPPER AL FRESCO ON BOARD THE "BERKSHIRE" OFF SANTIAGO.



OFF SANTIAGO: COLONEL DILLENDACH PROCEEDING FROM THE "BERKSHIRE" TO THE HEADQUARTERS BOAT FOR FINAL INSTRUCTIONS.



THE AMERICAN CONVOY: A SKETCH ON BOARD THE "BERKSHIRE" OFF CUBA.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR: THE INVASION OF CUBA.

From Sketches by a Correspondent.



A TYPICAL SPANISH BLOCKHOUSE AT BAIZ, IN THE SANTA CLARA DISTRICT.



SPANIARDS CLEARING GROUND FOR A CAMP.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

- A Northern Highway to the Tsar.* By Aubyn Trevor-Batye. (A. Constable and Co.)
- Erays at Ercule.* By Thomas Newbham. (Gay and Bidd.)
- Adventures de la Comte de la Morte during the Reign of Terror.* By Bernard William Blackwood (and Sons.)
- Journal of National Biography.* Vol. LV. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)
- Journal of Æschylus.* Parnassus Library. Edited by Professor or Lewis Campbell. (Macmillan)
- Journal of Philip Lafargue.* Two vols. (A. Constable and Co.)
- A Pious Pastoral of Arabian Louisiana.* By George W. New Edition. (Simpson Low, Marston, and Co.)
- The Grandissimes.* A Story of Creole Life. By George W. Childs. With an Introductory Note by J. M. Barrio. (Holder and Stoughton.)
- Journal of Mr. Charles J. Yellowplush, etc.* By William Makepeace Thackeray. With Illustrations by George Cruikshank and a Portrait of the Author. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)
- Warned Off.* By Lord Granville Gordon. (F. V. White.)
- The Cattle Man.* By G. B. Burgin. (Grant Richards.)

A taste for hard-ship is as personal a thing as a taste for music. In Mr. Trevor-Batye it must be quite as strong as his love for exploration and his interest in natural history; and that these are great readers of his "Ice-bound on Kolguev" are well aware. The subject of his second book, "A Northern Highway to the Tsar," describes his journey after he left Kolguev, through the tundras and forests of high Northern Russia to Archangel. He chose for this journey the season of Rasputnya—that is, the time between winter and autumn, when it is impossible for anyone but an obstinate Englishman to move. The streams were blocked with floating ice; the tracks were like a mixture of treacle and glue. All contracts were off; for the keepers of stages have no obligation to supply travellers during that season with horses or sleighs. Yet he declares his choice to have been wise, since he learnt more of the character of the people than could have been possible in more favourable circumstances. What he learnt was mostly to their advantage; but, of course, he asked sometimes what was beyond the reach of feeble spirits than his own, and then his helpers would flee into the forest. But with his constant formula, "I am going on, I am going on," he spurred the timid to do what all their lives they had held to be physically impossible. Was it worth while? Well, all tests of human endurance are worth while. Mr. Trevor-Batye has written a very modest and pleasant account of a remarkable journey.

Mr. Newbigging is a man of wide reading and a real lover of books. The best of his essays are those that sum up what he has got out of certain books and writers. Though his estimates are incomplete and contain no very suggestive criticism, they will be serviceable to those persons who want an enthusiastic guide in a library, and have no time or desire to follow the counsels of a systematic one. The paper on "The Literary Work of Mazzini" is his most thorough bit of work; that on "Fables and their Authors" shows he can amuse himself profitably in the byways of literature, though surely it was unnecessary to quote "Maitre Corbeau" in full. The general essays on "Mother Nature," "The Egotism of Literary Men," and the travel-description "Through the Heart of Europe," are altogether inferior. Mr. Newbigging would be well advised to limit himself in print to the *compte-rendu*.

This is the most unconventional story of the French Revolution we have ever read. It resembles no other either in its incidents or its temper. Alas! it will be caviare to the general devourers of adventure-fiction—for which they may well bear its writer a grudge. There is nothing in the plot or characters that should keep them away. But Mr. Capes has willed to narrow his audience by telling his tale after a twisted, obscure plan, and in language which is now delightfully picturesque and now affectedly precious, but never simple and direct. We feel grateful to him for taking pains to raise his story into the plane of literature; but its literary fame would not have been less certain if he had shown less terror of the obvious. There are passages that are entirely bad, many that are entirely admirable, among these is the striking picture of St. Just, and some that by their charm defy our analysis of them into merits and faults. This is one: "The wind that had toyed all day with flowers, was sweet with a languorous and desirable playfulness; a ripening girl-moon sat low on a causeway of mist, embroidering a banner of cloud that blew from her hands; the floating hills were hung with blots of woodland, and to peer into the trance of sky was to catch a star here and there like a note of music." Those who can tolerate the late Meredithese which is entangled with Mr. Capes's own vigorous style, will be rewarded for the little patience asked of them. Carine they must fall in love with—all the more in that she keeps her lovers at a distance; and the Comte is a fine fellow, whom they will follow with interest and goodwill from under the shade of the guillotine to his tame destiny as an artist in salads in London town.

Volume fifty-five of the great dictionary starts with "Stow," and brings us down only to "Taylor." The interest of the volume centres in the biographies of the Stuarts, and in Mr. Leslie Stephen's article on Swift, extending to twenty-three pages. Unusual prominence is given to John Taylor, the "Water Poet," the bibliography of his works (over a hundred and fifty) occupying no fewer than nine columns. Tagliani, as "the most prominent danseuse of the century," gets nearly a whole page from Mr. Thomas Seecombe (though she was a Swede by birth). Archbishop Tait has eight and a half pages a little farther on. So that the dictionary remains catholic in its tastes.

The new volume of the Parnassus Library, "The Tragedies of Æschylus," is in many respects an admirable book. The text is the best attainable, the critical commentary brief and to the point, the binding pretty, and the book altogether neat and portable. But we must confess our inability to reconcile ourselves to the

new fashion of type adopted. If ordinary Greek type wants style, this wants legibility, and its awkwardness is increased by the close juxtaposition of the lines. The ideal Greek type has yet to be invented.

Stephen Brent was the apostle of health, and the simple, open-air, vigorous life that breeds it. He was a fanatic on the point, lecturing on it in season and out of season. The irony of fate made him subject to severe illnesses and sent him to an early grave, but the weakness of his own character was more ironical still. On marriage he had been especially eloquent. What more important than to have healthy mothers of the race? But he married a poor-souled, fashionable, frivolous woman, and left his apostleship behind him. On his death-bed he showed a lack of good manners, we think. His old healthy, intellectual love was by his side, and his wife was out in the cold in the next room, which was an ungenerous way of owning his mistake. But Stephen was a weak-kneed theorist, hardly worth the important place given him in a clever book—a book written on a vile plan, nevertheless, and crammed to suffocation with people and with conversation. To read through the two volumes is like sitting within earshot of a dozen groups at an "at home" in an intellectual, artistic circle. It is distracting and fatiguing; but, at least, we have only our own stupidity and nervelessness to blame if we come away without having old interests stirred up or new ones awakened, or without a good story to add to our collection, or a face or two to remember.

The visit of Mr. Cable to this country has given something even to those who had not the privilege of hearing him read scenes from his own books. A new edition of "Bonaventure" has appeared almost simultaneously with the first English edition of "The Grandissimes." Both books have all the breadth and the charm of his earlier work. Perhaps our ideas of Bonaventure as a child are strung up to a pitch that makes his schoolmastering mission at Grande Pointe something of an anti-climax. We look for a man of great intellect and a poet; we find an enthusiast, a saint, grotesque and lovable. There are faults of structure, but the separate parts one can but enjoy and admire; and in that scene in the school-room where the master spurs his children up to respond to heroic tests in spelling, also "arithmeticalising in the English tongue, and grammatically," all the eagerness and love and nobility of the world seem concentrated.

"The Grandissimes" is fashioned more imposingly. It is a great novel. The whole history of the South is in it, the South as seen through its own children's eyes and as it appeared to a Yankee German with Northern sentiments. But it is a book of personages rather than ideas. The two Honorés—the noble-minded, capable, generous Creole, and his pathetic, sensitive half-brother, who was not all white—Bras Coupé, the proud rebel slave; Raoul, the agreeable, flighty painter of patriotic "pig-shoes," are but a few out of a long gallery of powerful portraits. But the women are the triumph. As Mr. Barrio says of the sweet Creoles who haunt these beautiful pages, "they come into the book like timid children, fascinated by the hand held out to them yet ever ready to fly, and even when they seem most real they are still out of touch." Yes, they are ghosts, yet so living! Aurore, with her hisping English, her elusive charm, her subtle, nameless fascination, will fill about our souls when burlier figures of actual life and fiction have fallen quite into oblivion.

The life of a man of letters is less interesting, as being less eventful, than the life of a man of action, and of men of letters the novelist, who makes professional use of all his experiences, discounts much of the interest of his biography. Mrs. Ritchie had not much at once new and interesting to record in the instalment of her father's life prefixed to "The Yellowplush Papers," but she makes the most of her material, and contributes at least one pleasant piece of domestic history which had not seen the light hitherto: "It was in Paris, in 1838, that he wrote the following letter to my mother, part of which I cannot help copying out: 'Here have we been two years married and not a single unhappy day. Oh, I do bless God for all this happiness which life has given me! It is so great that I almost tremble for the future, except that I humbly hope (for what man is certain about his own weakness and wickedness) our love is strong enough to withstand any pressure from without, and as it is a gift greater than any fortune, is likewise one superior to poverty or sickness or any other worldly evil with which Providence may visit us.'" The rest of the extract yet more clearly demonstrates how shallow is the view of the superficial reader of his novels that Thackeray was a heartless cynic. "Vanity Fair" should be read by the light of Chamfort's aphorism: "Whoso is not a misanthropist at forty can never have truly loved his kind." The biographical introduction to the third volume of this fine edition of Thackeray is—to use the novelist's expression—"lit by his own candles," and is adorned by a fine portrait; while the illustrations to the "Papers" themselves are by Cruikshank.

In "Warned Off," Lord Granville Gordon exposes all the villainies bred upon a racecourse, and the spectacle is like that disclosed by the lifting up of a stone in a field and watching all the crawling creatures scurrying away from the light. The hero, an owner of racehorses, is ingeniously involved in such a web of rascality as it seemed impossible to break out of; but he is yet more ingeniously delivered at the last. Both his entanglement and delivery are made interesting to an ordinary reader, while the sporting reader may perhaps think them as probable as they are exciting.

Mr. C. B. Burgin, in "The Cattle Man," has succeeded in a difficult task, in making intelligible to us the infatuation of two such women as Pamela and Angiolina with such a milkop—from a woman's standpoint—as Cranby. It is a singularly exciting story, while the author's picture of Angiolina is at least as great a literary success as Cranby's masterly portrait of her was an artistic success in the Academy.

A LITERARY LETTER.

A copy of the *Queen's College Magazine* has just reached me, with some record of the fiftieth anniversary of that famous college for women. Many interesting things are said about Frederick Denison Maurice, the founder of the college, of the eminent men who have assisted in its work, and of the distinguished women who have been associated with it during the half-century. A feature of the magazine is its report of Canon Benham's lecture on "Women-Writers of the last Fifty Years." Now, Canon Benham is a man whom I have admired deeply ever since the day, long years ago, when I read his biographical introduction to Cowper in the "Globe" edition of that poet's works. Canon Benham's "Life of Cowper," although very brief, was quite the best summary, quite the most sympathetic study, of the poet of Olney that has ever been written. It was incomparably superior to the three or four other brief attempts to "place" Cowper, both as a man and as a poet, in the gallery of English men of letters.

I am surprised, therefore, when I find Canon Benham addressing a number of distinguished women at the Queen's College with so much apparent slovenliness. In the very opening of his remarks he gives the wrong date for the birth of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and he writes about Mrs. Jameson without mentioning her most important books. With regard to the Brontës, Canon Benham's information is distinctly old-fashioned. He gave his audience the benefit of that worthless gossip about Branwell—whom he describes, with real effeminacy of language, as "a terrible man," whereas he was only a besotted youth. He tells us that Branwell went about boasting it was he who wrote "Wuthering Heights," a story that has been entirely disproved. Branwell never claimed to be the author of "Wuthering Heights." It is probably the printers who are responsible for the fact that the name of the Brontës is spelt without the diæresis, that the name of George Eliot is spelt with two "i's"; that Mrs. Humphry Ward's name is spelt with a redundant "e" in Humphry, and numerous other errors; but one would have thought that a magazine emanating from Queen's College could have guided its printers better.

The real weakness, however, of Canon Benham's lecture, apart from the fact that his information concerning the women about whom he has written is none of it new and some of it not true, is the singular abstention from reference to the type of woman who is really the greatest glory of English letters from the point of view of that Queen's College for Women to which Canon Benham is speaking. It is not so much the novelists and poets to whom most prominence should be given in that place. There have been, perhaps, some half-dozen women who have shone in poetry; there have been half a dozen who have shone in fiction; but of all these there has been almost enough written, and their achievements have been almost enough emphasised.

I should rather have been disposed, had I seen Canon Benham, to call attention to the existence of an equally attractive kind of woman, of whom Sarah Austin is the highest and best type. There was a woman who possessed genuine learning, who possessed a high critical faculty, whose achievements, alike by her contributions to the introduction of German literature to England, by her translation of von Ranke's "History of the Popes," and so on, might be considered a veritable inspiration for the students of Queen's College. Successful writing of fiction, we have only too much evidence, is not inconsistent with the uttermost illiteracy—in fact, I am not sure but that the largest sales go to the illiterate—and in consequence Queen's College is scarcely the nursing home for the would-be novelist. Were one to hold up before these students an example of literary womanhood of a kind that is fast passing out of our ken, it would be Sarah Austin, the wife of the famous jurist.

There are no women of this type to-day. We have, as one knows, the successful writers in poetry and in fiction; we have, also, the woman, educated in the hard and absolutely mischievous school of Harriet Martineau, who is anxious to reform the world, the woman who writes books on sociology, who is always striving to emphasise the fact that woman has a place as the equal of man. This type of woman may study Blue-books for years; she will never be really learned, and certainly she will never be charming. But women of the order of Mrs. Austin succeeded in being both, and it is therefore, as I have said, such women that I think the Queen's College should take as their model and exemplar, even though Canon Benham chooses to ignore them.

So much renewed interest has been excited of late in the great Earl of Chatham and his son that a forthcoming book by Lord Ashbourne, which treats of the younger Pitt, should attract much attention. As the volume is to contain some twelve portraits of Pitt—many of which have not hitherto been seen by the general public—we ought to have an end to the much-vexed question as to whether Pitt ever wore a wig. For a considerable portion of his career we know that his hair was tied up in a knot, but I think at least one of the portraits in Lord Ashbourne's book should give evidence that at a certain period of his life Pitt did wear a wig.

An interview with Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson in the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch* throws considerable light upon the possibilities of Stevenson's biography. It would seem that the book is to be published in 1899 by Messrs. Methuen, that the life will consist of 120,000 words, and the Letters of 240,000. A large selection of letters is to be published in *Scribner's Magazine* before they appear in book form.

The house at Samoa in which Stevenson lived and died is for sale, and although numerous offers have been made to Mrs. Stevenson and her son, there has not been one, so far, worth accepting. Why do not the friends of Stevenson in Britain, who desire a memorial to him, purchase the house and put it up in Edinburgh? American papers are requested not to copy this suggestion. C. K. S.

Terms of agreement between the United States and the Philippine insurgents have now been made public. The chief conditions are the proclamation of the independence of the Philippines and the establishment of a Republic under a Government to be designated by General Aguinaldo, the insurgent leader, and approved by Admiral Dewey or General Merritt. The American Protectorate will be recognised on the same conditions as have been arranged for Cuba. Señor Valdes, the European representative of the insurgents, has declared that a Philippine Republic is no menace to the balance of influence in the Far East, and declares that the Filipinos welcome the Americans with open arms. He further expressed the readiness of the



GENERAL AGUINALDO.
LEADER OF THE PHILIPPINE INSURGENTS.

islanders to maintain friendly relations even with Spain. President McKinley is said to be averse to the retention of the Philippines by the United States, and will be satisfied with Guam Island and a coaling station, on condition that the independence of Cuba is conceded by Spain and that Puerto Rico is given up. An extraordinary incident occurred at Subig Bay, where General Aguinaldo's troops were actively engaged capturing positions. He had reduced the last village on the bay, and was about to attack the Isla Grande, where a Spanish steamer had taken refuge, when the German cruiser *Irene* interfered and prevented him. The Americans intervened, whereupon the *Irene* returned to Manila, and Isla Grande was taken.



A NATIVE PLOUGHMAN (CHURCH OF SAN PEDRO, MANILA, IN THE BACKGROUND).



ESCOLTA, THE PRINCIPAL STREET OF MANILA.



MOUTH OF THE RIVER PASIG MANILA.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR: THE PHILIPPINE QUESTION.

From Photographs supplied by Mr. T. R. Toovey.

THE HOMES OF IRISH LANDLORDS.

No. III.

CASTLEWELLAN: THE SEAT OF EARL ANNESLEY.

IN the North of Ireland there are few places that for beauty of situation can surpass Castlewellan, commanding as it does a landscape of the most picturesque kind, a range of majestic mountains, a fine lake, and a broad expanse of the sea. From elevated points in its vicinity the most varied and delightful views are obtainable. Eastward is noticed the village of Dundrum, with its ancient keep throwing its bold outline against the horizon—towers where once rose the battle's hum, "where rung the Geraldines' war-cry of 'Cromaboo' upon the air, and, conquering, fought the stern Kildare." Further distant, across a fertile, well-cultivated valley, one sees the cathedral town of Downpatrick, the capital of County Down, and the place where, according to tradition, the mortal remains of Patrick, Brigid, and Columba, the three patron saints of Ireland, were interred. To the northward lie the rugged hills encircling Slieve Croob and the woods of Castlewellan demesne itself; while to the south-west are the cloud-swept heights of the Mourne Mountains, beginning with Slieve Donard, at whose base nestles the charming town of Newcastle.

Harris, in his "History of County Down, 1741," has the following note relating to Castlewellan: "Castle-Vellen, now changed into Castle-William, near two miles north of Briansford, is the head of a Manor, and formerly, when the house was standing, one of the seats of the family of Mageniz, now of Francis Annesley, junr., Esq." It is about half a century since the erection of the stately castellated mansion which is the home of Earl Annesley and his lady, who is famed throughout the United Kingdom for her loveliness and accomplishments.

The Annesleys are descended from Richard Brito, or the Breton, who accompanied Ralph FitzHubert, Viscount of Maine, into England in the year 1036, and held from him the lordship of Annesley, in Nottinghamshire, 1079. Sir Francis Annesley was employed in Ireland by James I. as Secretary of State and Keeper of the Privy Signet,

also as Treasurer and General Receiver of the Revenue. He acquired by royal grant and by purchase estates in fifteen different counties, and was the founder of the branch of the family in Ireland. The present Earl was for many years a soldier. He served as Adjutant in the 43rd Light Infantry in the Kaffir War of 1850, where, under Sir George Cathcart, he was wounded at the battle of Berca. Afterwards he was in the Scots Fusilier Guards, and was dangerously wounded at the Alma, having received a Russian bullet in the face, which broke the jaw and carried away twenty-four teeth. Since 1874 he has resided constantly at Castlewellan, except when in London for Parliamentary duties.

The castle, which was built by Burns, is situated about a thousand feet above

the level of the sea. It is a handsome, nobly proportioned structure of native blue granite, with circular towers and turrets, standing on a broad double terrace, and overlooking an extensive lake whose gently sloping shores are bordered with wooded hills. On the lower terrace is planted a row of standard bay-trees, and at the south end a flight of stone steps leads to the spring garden, where the lawns are studded with trees stretching down to the edge of the water. In the earlier months of the year this pleasure-ground is carpeted with spring flowers, masses of colour greeting the eye everywhere, and making it a scene of exceptional beauty. The lake is nearly two miles in length, over half a mile wide in its broadest part, and about sixty feet deep; it is well stocked with trout of several varieties, thus affording excellent sport.

The castle, in its interior, is quite in consonance with its imposing exterior. The entrance-hall has its walls adorned with trophies of the chase, together with swords, rifles, and arms from various countries. A crocodile, bearing a silver card-tray, tiger-skins, and a huge rhinoceros head, are all evidence of

Lord Annesley's skill with the rifle. One relic is invested with peculiar interest: a blood-stained sword-belt worn by his Lordship when wounded in the Crimea. The grand staircase leads into a noble corridor, the roof being supported by massive oak pillars, crowned with richly carved capitals, and the walls embellished with family pictures and stags' heads. In a niche is a fine cast of the Venus di Medici. From the corridor are the entrances to the principal reception-rooms. At the east end is the dining-room, where there are a number of family portraits, a large



CASTLEWELLAN: THE SOUTHERN ASPECT FROM THE PARK.



Photo Alfred Ellis.

COUNTESS ANNESLEY AND HER DAUGHTER, LADY CLARE.



Photo Pinchile and Young.

EARL ANNESLEY.

THE HOMES OF IRISH LANDLORDS: NO. III.



CASTLEWELLAN FROM THE LAKE.

CASTLEWELLAN FROM THE PRIVATE GARDENS.

THE LAKE.

THE HOMES OF IRISH LANDLORDS: NO. III.



IN THE DEER PARK.

BY THE LAKE SHORE.

VIEW FROM THE PARK.

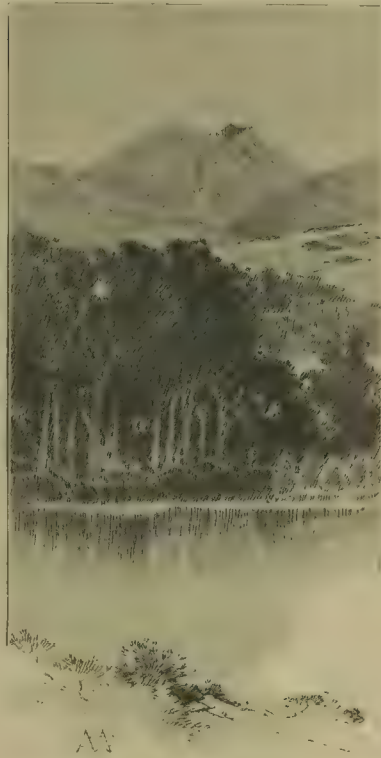
CASTLEWELLAN, THE SEAT OF EARL ANNESLEY.



CASTLEWELLAN: THE HOUSE AND LAKE.

picture by Snyder, a forest scene by Kröhner, a likeness of the first Earl of Anglesea by Vandyke, and sea-pieces by well-known artists. It opens into the library, which is separated from the drawing-room by hanging curtains. In the drawing-room is Sir Francis Grant's celebrated painting of his daughter entitled, "The Red Petticoat." This was executed when the painter was President of the Royal Academy. There is also a portrait of the present Countess Annesley by Chevallier Tayler. The tapestries and other hangings are very fine. Special mention may be made of a lovely portière of dark blue silk, embroidered with golden butterflies, which was owned by the Empress of China, and was brought from the Summer Palace. From all these rooms there is a most splendid view of mountain, wood, and water. On the ground floor are the study, with ante-rooms, leading to a spacious winter-garden. This is filled with choice orange-trees, camellias, bamboos, and flowering plants, and being warmed and lighted during the winter months, constitutes a delightful resort.

Castlewella is the home of perhaps the richest and rarest collection of exotic trees in Ireland. Indeed, there are within the walls of the demesne arboreal treasures from every quarter of the globe. Some eighteen hundred varieties of choice plants are growing in the greatest health and luxuriance. An official from Kew, who lately visited Castlewella, stated that there were in this collection nine different shrubs that were not represented at Kew. Conifers form the more conspicuous glories of the place, and examples of rare species are to be found of unequalled size and symmetry. In this regard it is interesting to learn that a competition, participated in by the principal gardens of the United Kingdom, a few years ago, eventuated in Castlewella carrying off the honours for the greatest number and size of rare trees. Even to a person who may be something of a specialist, a visit to the twenty-two or more conservatories is an education. The fine terraces, flanked with pierced parapets, terminal



THE MOURNE MOUNTAINS AND DEVIL'S BITE.

tells us, "has undertaken extensive works in the shape of drainage, planting, road-making, and fencing, and is adding greatly to his already large demesne. The improvements are carried out under his Lordship's personal supervision, and with the greatest energy and success. When one looks at the ordnance map, which gives a faithful delineation of the country as it was when the survey was made, one can form some estimate of the herculean task Lord Annesley has performed. Miles of old fences, some of them ten feet in thickness, have been removed, and the land newly divided into good-sized fields, while the young plantations will soon become an improving feature in the landscape, and already impart an additional charm to this most beautiful demesne, which for varied scenery, comprising heathery mountains, gently undulating lowlands, wooded slopes, and the open sea, is, in my opinion, unsurpassed by any demesne in Ireland that I have seen. When one sees the interest which Lord Annesley takes in these works, and the evident enjoyment they afford him, and observes the happy relations which exist between him and his people, who are grateful for the constant employment afforded them, you cannot help feeling that the provisions of the Land Improvement Act are capable of exercising a very beneficial influence upon all who avail themselves of them."

From the graceful Swiss lodge at the entrance-gate, Castlewella, to Newcastle, the distance is only four miles. And there, at the foot of Slieve Donard, Lord Annesley possesses a beautiful marine residence, encompassed by a singularly attractive demesne. Within its limits is a chalybeate spa. Time was when Newcastle was a comparatively insignificant place. Not a single plant or shrub or tree, save the brown heather and the blackberry, "decked the mountain's brow" where now the pine, the oak, and the beech are found in pleasing luxuriance. Wild and inhospitable in the extreme was then the appearance of the place, but withal there reigned around that grandeur of nature which can never be effaced. Under the



CASTLEWELLA: THE HALL.

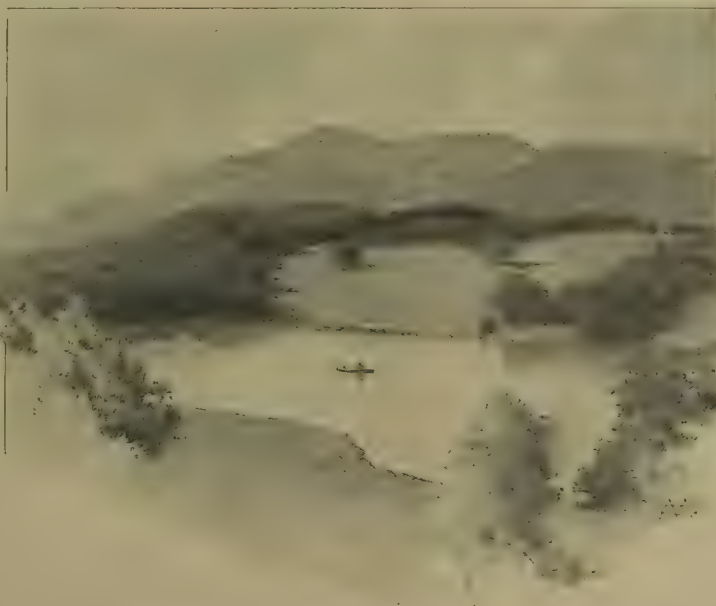


CASTLEWELLA: THE DRAWING-ROOM.

piers, and vases, would delight the most æsthetic taste; while additional charm is lent to the place by golden and Lady Amherst pheasants which have been imported and are now acclimatised.

The deer park, at the summit of the wooded hill at the back of the castle, is reached by a tortuous road, overshadowed by splendid trees. Stretching for miles to the north, the park is covered with heather and bracken; and among the precipitous rocks may be observed red, fallow, and Japanese deer, which last species were introduced into Ireland by Lord Powerscourt, and have proved equally hardy with the native race. A carriage-road, some three or four miles round, has been recently constructed. The air is delightfully bracing, and the panoramic scenery makes this one of the most popular walks or drives in the demesne. At the edge of the park a tea-house, built of blue granite, stands in a beautiful garden, with two small lakes in the enclosure.

Lord Annesley, an Inspector of the Commissioners of Public Works



THE MOURNE MOUNTAINS FROM THE TERRACE OF CASTLEWELLA.

fostering care of its noble proprietors, Newcastle has been transformed. From a mere fishing village it has grown to the magnitude and importance of a town; it has become one of the first of Irish watering-places. Its natural beauty is indeed great; whether we turn to the sea or the mountain side, everywhere the eye meets with the sublime.

A new hotel has been lately built on the edge of the sea, at a cost of about £80,000, and close to the famous golf-links (said to be only second to St. Andrews), which will undoubtedly cause the unrivalled mountain scenery of this part of the County Down to become better known to English tourists than it has hitherto been.

About six miles from Castlewella is an object of great antiquarian interest—a very large cromlech, situated on the western side of the Crothieve Mountain. It is an oblong stone supported on three uprights, the two eastern supports being high enough to permit a man to pass under without touching the altar-stone.

W. Y. C.



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"BEAUTY BORN OF MURMURING SOUND."

After the Painting by Stuart G. Davis.



PRINCE DAVID OF HAWAII PRESENTING THE FLAG.



Mr. Sewell. Gen. Anderson.
GENERAL ANDERSON, UNITED STATES MINISTER SEWELL, AND OFFICERS.



RECEPTION OF THE TROOPS IN HONOLULU: MARCHING TO THE BANQUET IN THE GROUNDS
OF THE LATE KING'S PALACE.



SOLDIERS AT DINNER.

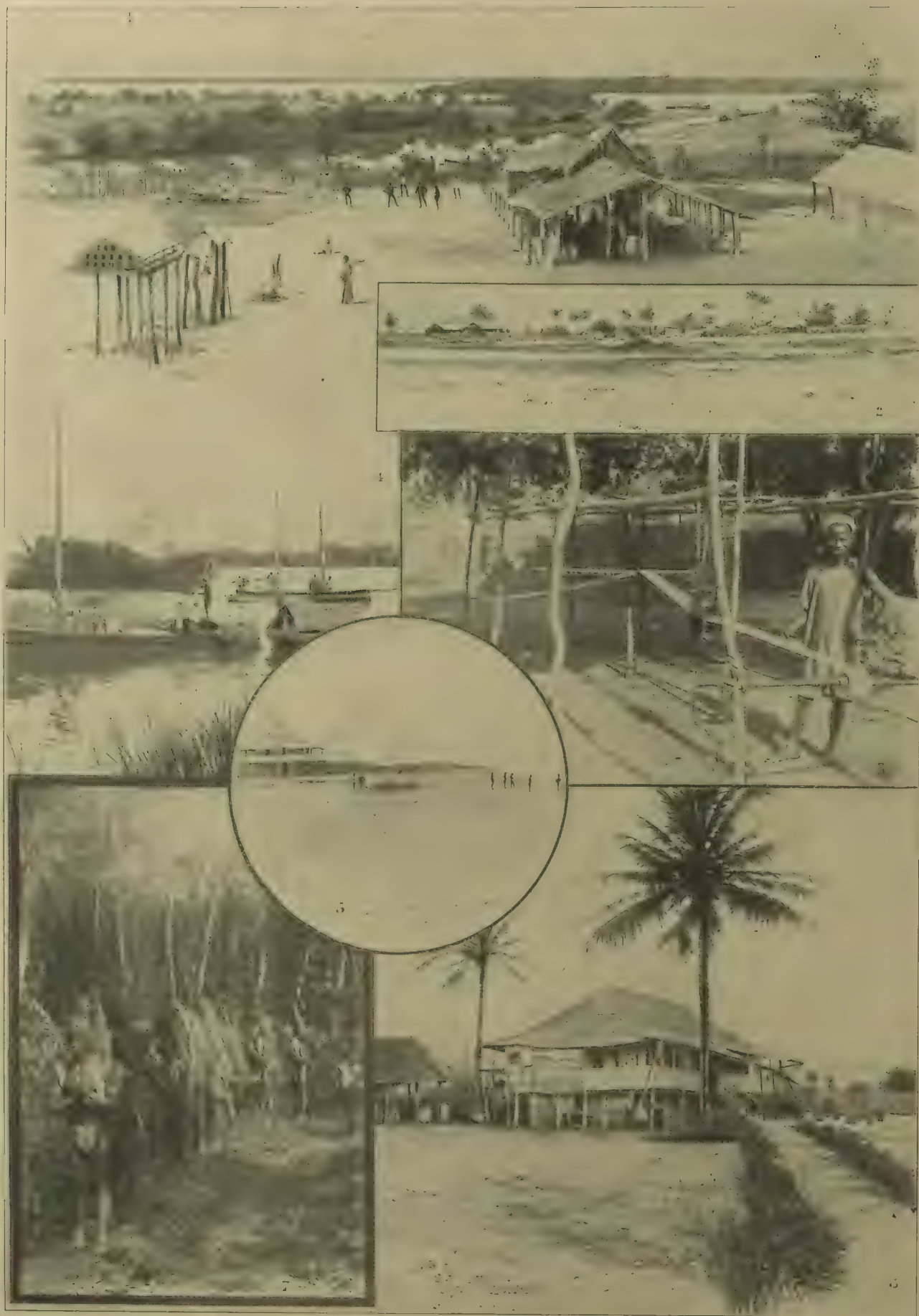
THE ANNEXATION OF HAWAII BY THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

From Photographs by the Davey Photo. Co., Honolulu.



AT THE STILE.

Drawn by John Beer.



1. Sulima, the Sheds of the Trading Establishment. 2. Sulima, the Trading Establishment and Village. 3. Native Weaving in the Vai Country. 4. Shipping the Goods on the Sulima River. 5. A Trading Station on the Coast. 6. The Residence of Mr. Harris's Trading Establishment at Sulima, which was Burnt Down. 7. Carriers bearing Ground-Nuts.

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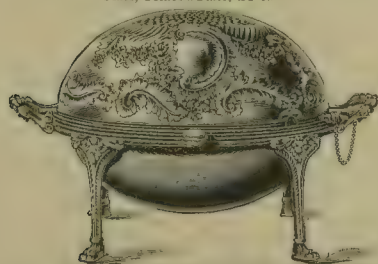
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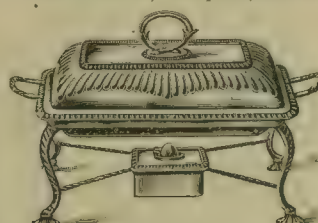
Full-size Dish and Cover, Prince's Plate, £3 15s. Sterling Silver, £17 10s. Warmer to match, with Top Plate, Prince's Plate, £4 4s.



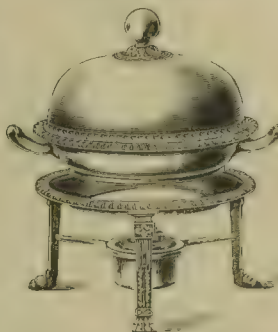
Full-size, Prince's Plate Dish and Cover, £4 10s. Warmer to match, with Top Plate, £6 6s.



Soup Tureen, richly chased in style of Louis XV., with Revolving Cover, loose Inner Dish and Drainer, 10 in., £10; 12 in., £12.



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Muffin-Dish, Lamp, and Stand, with loose Inner Dish and Gadroon Mounts, complete, in Prince's Plate, £1 5s. In Sterling Silver, £17 10s.



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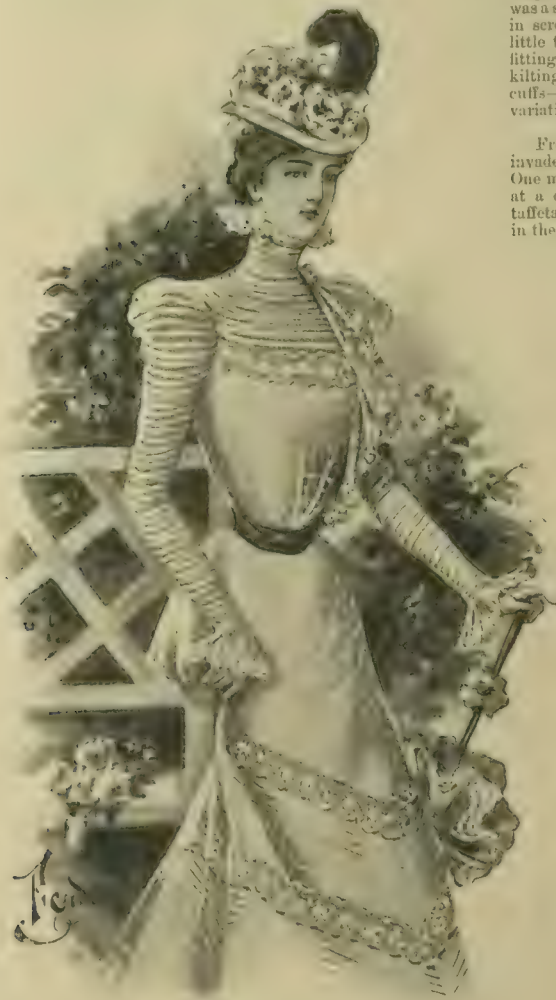
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LADIES' PAGE.

The marriage of the week has been Miss Fleetwood Wilson's; the bride's wealth and social position alone would have made it exceptionally interesting, but when the fact that the bridegroom is a Russian Prince is added, the interest grows. It was the most gorgeous wedding-gown seen for many a day. The lovely embroideries in turquoises on the Duke of Cambridge's granddaughter's wedding-dress were outdone by this exquisite needlework. The white satin dress was decorated with large silver roses



A HANDSOME GARDEN PARTY COSTUME.

with diamond centres; a touch of gold just lit up their hearts. The neck and sleeves were of softest white chiffon embroidered to match, and the ruffles at throat and wrist were of cobwebby point d'Alençon, that finest of laces, that has to be made in a damp cellar, as the thread is so slender that, if perfectly dry, it would break in the working. Over this foundation-dress was a Court train of white satin lined with cloth of silver; and a diamond belt caught the train to the waist. After the English ceremony, the picturesque Greek rite was performed, the bride and bridegroom making in the course of it many strange evolutions, and a gorgeous crown being held over the bride's head. The support of bridesmaids was for this rite denied the bride. But at the English wedding, in revenge, there were no fewer than twelve attendant maidens.

Henley has been in point of numbers a complete failure this year. Loud are the complaints of residents who are accustomed to let their houses at something like Ascot prices—a hundred pounds for the week for a good house is asked and has been usually obtained. But this year, in the first place, the Thames Conservancy invented a new set of rules for house-boats, designed to diminish the number of those adjuncts to the regatta, and perhaps fulfilling the object aimed at a little too effectually, as there were only sixty or so this year as against one hundred and twenty last year, and, of course, it is the people on the house-boats who bring down others to take the residences; and, in the second place, the fact that the American contingent is very small this season in town made it clear that their usually all-pervading presence would be lacking at Henley. On the other hand, the weather was exceptionally lovely, and the people who went enjoyed themselves. But really, the attendance at these periodical functions is so much a matter of fashion that if the Conservancy once break up the society habit of going to Henley, as their rules as to the placing, the retaining, and the sub-letting of house-boats this year seemed to be almost intended to do, they will never be able to revive it, and it will be a long, a last farewell to the week's glories of the regatta.

Black and white! Everywhere the colours of the mappie meet the eye. A typical and successful combination was black grenadine over white satin, the apron of

the skirt (higher to the back), and the flounces that came beneath it, being outlined with narrow watered white ribbon, and headed with white lace insertion; the bodice was slightly pouched, and of black over white, of course, and it was cut away under a yoke of white satin covered with a filmy draping of real Brussels lace. Another dress had a zouave of an openwork of black net, flowered with soft silk embroidery and laid over white silk, and showing between its edges a gathered vest of white silk with black lace motifs worked on at intervals; the skirt of black fish-net over white. A black satin skirt with embroidered deep flounce was trimmed down from the waist to the flounce by longwise insertions of black lace over white; the bodice was a smart short coat of black satin with revers embroidered in scrolls with jet on white satin; it fastened with two little tabs and handsome buttons of enamel over a tight-fitting white vest. A touch of green appeared in the kiltings under the skirt and at the back of the neck and cuffs—a mere suggestion of colour. So go the endless variations on one idea.

From Paris I learn that the ubiquitous spangle has invaded the outdoor dresses for young married women. One made by a great artist for the wear of a gay Vicomtesse at a country-house party was a grey gauze over grey tulle, with careless little star-shaped groups of paillettes in the same tone studded here and there, while the top of the vest was crossed by bands of grey ribbon more lavishly treated in the same manner. Another dress of pink fancy silk had the deep flounce headed by the narrowest imaginable line of *galon* of gold, pink and steel spangles, and three lines of the same down the pouch bodice, both back and front. A pretty fancy cloth of green ground and cross-bars of white was cut out *pinaflore*-fashion at the top, and the yoke thus shown was composed of gaugings of green silk with lines of silver-spangled embroideries in between. But there is a certain heaviness in the use of embroidery of this kind for outdoor wear, and the charming muslins, with lace trimmings and insertions, look all the cooler and prettier for the occasional contrast with the stiffer notions.

Our sketches show dresses appropriate for the garden-parties with which we divert ourselves by way of a change in the country, after being tired out with the innumerable parties of the London season. The white spotted muslin has a tucked yoke and sleeves, and tucks likewise adorn its skirt, both being decorated with broad bands of white lace as a finish. A cascade of lace down the left side of the bodice and falling over the hands, as well as making a collar, allows of any degree of extravagance that the purchaser pleases to run into by buying real lace, while the place can be also filled by a good imitation. The hat is of white chiffon and roses, finished with a black plume. The other gown is of simple white batiste, trimmed with insertion of black lace, and has a vest and cuff-pieces of lace to match. The hat of white straw has a full piece of black chiffon in front, and spotted quills standing out at each side, the shape being that broad turned-up one, which is particularly becoming to some faces, though too difficult for others.

The Duchess of Sutherland has declared herself in favour of the "divided" cycling dress. She rides in the country a diamond-framed machine,

which, of course, involves a divided garment as a necessity; and though she wears a skirt, only separated into two down the back, she does not hesitate to say that she thinks knickers and a straight-cut coat would be a better and more sensible costume for country wear. Her sister, Lady Warwick, by the way, has been protesting against the idea that she is a most enthusiastic cyclist. She avers that she rides chiefly when she wants to get somewhere to see after some business more quickly and more readily than she can do by waiting till a horse is put in; and indeed she is a very busy woman. Her energies seem inexhaustible. Last week she made a speech to a geological class, largely composed of working colliers, and pointed out to them the interest of understanding the earth in which they toil, excusing herself for her presence by the explanation that she is a colliery proprietor.

Lady Warwick is an excellent public speaker, fluent and easy and pleasing. The Duchess of Somerset deserves the same description. Lady Burdett-Coutts was quite one of the pioneers of ladies on the platform, having spoken for the last twenty years on occasion, the quiet dignity and stately phraseology of her public utterances is remarkable. The Duchess of Portland made her first appearance as an open-air speaker at a Hyde Park temperance meeting a week or two ago. The Duchess of Sutherland is fond of speaking; but certainly one of the best of present-day lady orators, regardless of rank, is the Countess of Aberdeen, who has made innumerable speeches during her residence in Canada as the wife of the Governor-

General. A high compliment was paid her lately, when a dinner-service was presented to her Excellency by the two Houses of the Canadian Parliament, "in recognition of her signal devotion to the promotion of all good works in Canada." The service consists of seventeen dozen pieces, each painted differently with scenery, flowers, birds, fruit, fish, and so on, indigenous to Canada. The members of the Senate and Commons who arranged the matter chose, as the artists to execute these decorations, the members of the Women's Art Association of Canada.

In opening the new wing of the London School of Medicine for Women on July 11, the Princess of Wales showed, not for the first time, her interest in medical women, for the foundation-stone of the new Hospital for Women, which is officered entirely by female physicians and surgeons, and attended only by female medical students, was laid by her Royal Highness some ten years ago. The Queen was, in the beginning, strongly opposed to the medical women movement, and upon one very critical occasion, during the effort to obtain women's degrees at Edinburgh University, that fact was used adversely to the lady students. Professor Christison then stated that he had the Queen's own authority to announce that she was opposed to the medical education of women. But the royal opinion was changed when the condition of the women of India, from the lack of the attendance of thoroughly skilled medical women, was brought before the Queen.

It came about in this way: An Indian princess, having been successfully treated after long suffering by an American lady doctor, sent for her physician when the latter was about to pay a visit to England, and requested her to write a message—"write it, Dr. Sahib, very small"—to the Queen of England, telling her how much her Indian subjects needed the help of women doctors; and when the message was written "very small," the Maharani placed the paper in a jewelled locket, which she took from her own neck, and entrusted it to the American woman to take to the Queen in England. Through the medium of the Home Secretary the Queen was informed of the message, and the lady doctor was invited to Windsor to deliver the locket, and to give the Queen further particulars. The Sovereign's motherly heart was touched, and her objection to the medical education of women was from that time



COSTUME OF WHITE BATISTE TRIMMED WITH BLACK LACE.

withdrawn. The new wing has been built largely from the bequest of Mrs. Pfeiffer, and it is accordingly named after her. It contains a suite of laboratories, of which some are appropriated to "original research," but the Dean of the school has explained, in reply to an inquiry, that this phrase does not mean that either the students or their teachers are therein to vivisection. The London School of Medicine for Women never has had, and does not intend to apply for, a license for vivisection. PILOMENA.



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WILLS AND BEQUESTS

The will (dated June 21, 1893), with a codicil (dated Oct. 20, 1894), of Mr. John Rhodes, of Potternston House, Leeds, who died on May 16, was proved at the Wakefield District Registry on June 27 by Fairfax Rhodes, the son and executor, the value of the estate being £262,588. The testator gives £20,000 Airo and Calder Navigation Three-and-a-Half per Cent. Debentures and £5000 Leeds and Liverpool Canal Debentures, upon trust, for his daughter Mary, the wife of Sir Edward Hamar Carbutt, this bequest to be in addition to the provision already made for her. All his real, and the residue of his personal, estate he leaves to his son.

The will (dated May 5, 1898), with a codicil (dated May 24, 1898), of Mr. Adam William Black, J.P., of 44, Hyde Park Square, a member of the publishing firm of Messrs. A. and C. Black, who died on May 28, was proved on July 11 by Mrs.

Margaret Rimmer Black, the widow, and Maurice Adam Black, the son, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £166,376. The testator gives his leasehold house with the furniture and household effects therein, and the income for life of one moiety of his residuary estate, to his wife. Subject thereto he leaves all his property as to sixteen thirty-sixths each to his sons, Maurice Adam Black and Reginald Adam Black, and four



THE CANADIAN TEAM AT BISLEY OUTSIDE THEIR NEW PAVILION.

Canada has again sent to Bisley a strong team with a good record behind it. This year our Canadian visitors are staying in their new club-house, one of the most elegant of the permanent buildings in camp, and commanding a superb view.

thirty-sixths, upon trust, for his daughter Elizabeth Adelaide Black.

The will (dated Dec. 14, 1897), with a codicil (dated April 7, 1898), of Sir Henry Mitchell, J.P., of Parkfield House, Manningham, Bradford, who died on April 27, was proved in London on July 9 by Henry Mitchell, the son, William Henry Mitchell, the nephew, and Cephas Jowett Wilson, the executors, the value of the estate being

Needwood, Rolleston, Staffordshire, and 145, Piccadilly, who died on April 9, was proved on July 8 by Lord Burton, the brother, and Sir William Chichele Plowden, K.C.S.I., the brother-in-law, the executors, the value of the estate being £196,547, and the net personal £126,262. The testator bequeaths to his wife, the Hon. Louisa Bass, part of his household furniture and the use of 145, Piccadilly and Byrkley Lodge until his son attains twenty-five years

£139,803. The testator bequeaths £200 each to his nephews Frederick, George, and the Rev. Robert Mitchell; £250 each to his nephews Henry and Richard Laycock, and his niece Jane Leach; £15,000, upon trust, for his son Andrew Samuel Mitchell, for life, and then to his grandson Gordon Mitchell; £1300 to his niece Jane Mitchell; £1000 to his sister Elizabeth Heaton; an annuity of £100 to his daughter-in-law Mrs. Hepzibah Mary Mitchell; annuities of £50 each to his grandchildren Gordon and Mary Mitchell; £200 to C. J. Wilson; £400 to his nephew William Henry Mitchell, and legacies to servants. All his real, and the residue of his personal, estate he leaves to his son Henry.

The will (dated Jan. 1, 1887), with five codicils (dated Nov. 3, 1888, March 23, 1889, April 21, 1890, Nov. 9, 1891, and Nov. 14, 1892), of Mr. Hamar Alfred Bass, of Needwood House and Byrkley Lodge,

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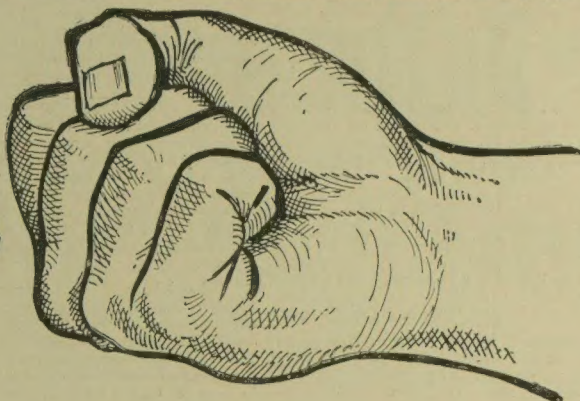
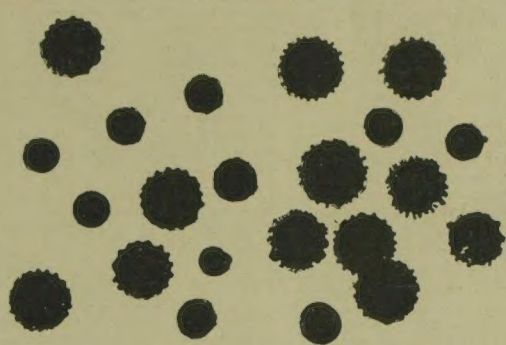
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Price as drawn £22 2s. net.

Stirling, N.B., and Barton, Midlothian, granted to Miss Mary Ramsay Gibson Maitland, the daughter and executrix nominate, was resealed in London on July 12, the value of the estate in England and Scotland being £35,046.

The will (dated March 15, 1898), with a codicil (dated March 27, 1898), of his Honour Judge Camille Felix Desiré Caillard, J.P., D.L., of Wingfield House, Wingfield, Wilts, who died on May 1, was proved on July 9 by Mrs. Amy Ursula Caillard, the widow, and Sir Vincent Henry Penalver Caillard, the son, the executors, the value of the estate being £16,029. The testator devises the Wingfield House estate to his son, Sir Vincent Caillard, but charged with the payment of £6100 to three of his children. Subject to the provisions of his marriage settlement, he bequeaths the policies of insurance on his life for £5000 to all his children in various sums. He also gives £200 and his horses and carriages to his wife, and a few small legacies to relatives. The residue of his property he leaves between his wife and his son, Sir Vincent Caillard.

The will and two codicils of Major-General Sir George Bouchier, K.C.B., of St. Margaret's, Isleworth, who died on March 15, were proved on July 8 by Edward Herbert Bouchier, the son, Charles Elton Longman, and James

Henry Hiley, the executors, the value of the estate being £4788.

The will of the Rev. John Philip Gell, of Buxted Rectory, Sussex, who died on March 12, was proved on July 9 by Philip Lyttelton Gell, the son and sole executor, the value of the estate being £2901.

"Undiluted Guide - Book" was formerly a current sneer descriptive of a certain class of writing, but it will soon lose its sting, for the dryas dust terror is growing so light and dainty in "get-up" and "matter" that imitation will rather be a flattery than a reproach. Notable among recent issues is "Tours in the North of Ireland," the guide to the Belfast and Northern Counties Railway, a little book full of excellent information for intending tourists in Ireland.

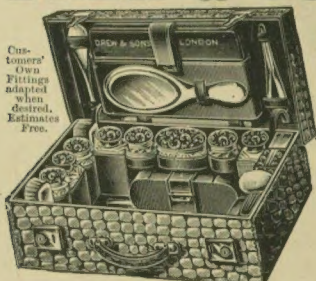
The Brighton Railway Company are announcing that by their Newhaven, Dieppe and Rouen route to Paris and the Continent, through the charming scenery of Normandy, a special fourteen-day excursion to Paris will be run from London by the express day service on Saturday morning, July 30, and also by the express night service from July 28 to Aug. 1. Cheap return tickets to Caen for Normandy

and Brittany will also be issued from London, July 28, 29, and 30, *via* Newhaven and Ouistreham, available for return on any week-day within fourteen days. The company announce that their West End offices and their City office will remain open until 10 p.m. on the evenings of July 27 to 30 for the sale of the special cheap tickets to all parts. For the Goodwood Meeting special arrangements have been made by the company, assisted by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and also by the Brighton and Worthing Corporations, for the watering of the roads between the Drayton and Chichester Stations and Goodwood Park.

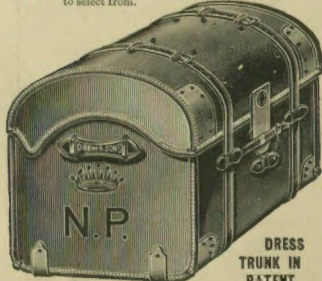
For hot weather, but indeed for all weathers, a welcome and refreshing drink is supplied by the Rosbach Table Water, a lightly mineralised, highly carbonated natural mineral water. Rosbach is very pleasant to the taste, and has the merit of attaining a high standard of purity. It is bottled at the springs near Homburg.

It is not news to anybody that the Prince of Wales has become a devotee of the two wheels, as he was formerly of the three. But it may be news to some that H.R.H. has recently had A. B. Non-Puncturable Tyres fitted to his cycle. The makers are naturally proud of their "score" in obtaining this mark of royal favour.

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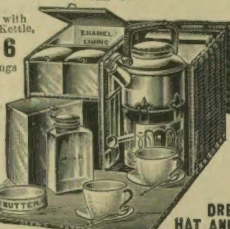
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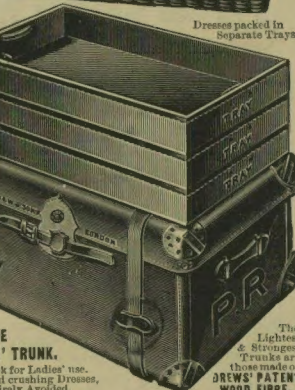
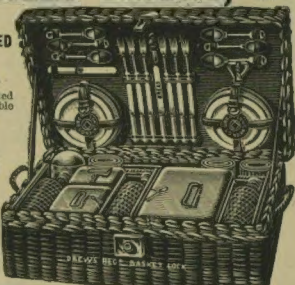
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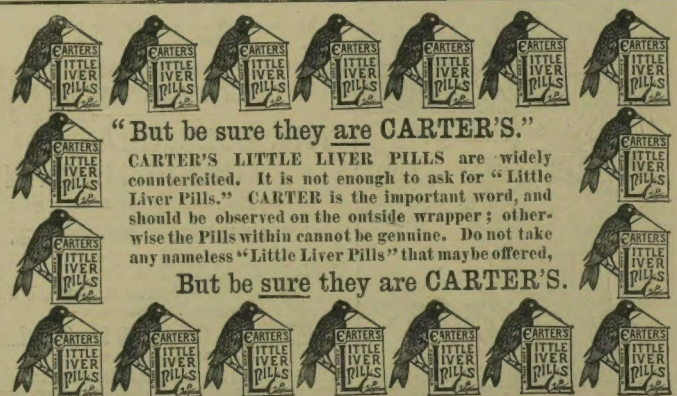
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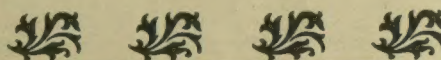
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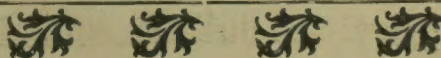
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Father Dolling, after having been in America for little over a year, is back again in an English benefice. He commenced his work at St. Saviour's, Poplar, on July 18.

Dr. Weldon, Head Master of Harrow, gave a telling, forcible address to five hundred or six hundred men at St. Peter's, Highgate Hill, on a recent Sunday. He called earnest attention to the condition of Spain, which had gone backward because of its spiritual darkness, the setting up of the abominable Inquisition, and the degrading spectacle of bull-fights. He impressed on his hearers the greatness of the privileges they enjoyed through the Reformation, which had made England the great and powerful nation she now was. Religion was a personal matter between each man and God, without the intervention of a priestly class. Dr. Weldon may be counted among the Evangelical

party, and may probably be their next nominee for a bishopric.

Canon Hicks preached a sermon at the Church of Holy Trinity, Fulwood, on the work of the late Rev. J. J. Twist, a former rector, whose melancholy death is much deplored. He said that Mr. Twist literally lived his life into that church and parish because he gave himself and all that he had to the work of the Gospel in that district. He went away to seek health, but he left his health and life literally behind him, for health never came again.

Mr. J. Monro, C.B., formerly Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, and now an officer in connection with the Church Missionary Society in Lower Bengal, complains of the want of missionaries. His family are with him, and they form between them quite a strong medical and evangelistic mission. Last year they preached

to above 35,000 people at their dispensary and in camp, paid 242 visits to 94 villages, besides other work. Mr. Monro calculates that at the present rate they will only be able to get round the district once in ten years.

The Church Missionary Society reports 7193 workers in 1898 as against 6693 in 1897, and 208,678 native Christians as against 203,000 last year. The number of adult baptisms, however, has decreased from 8020 to 6651.

The Rev. L. J. M. Bebb, Fellow and Tutor of Brasenose College, Oxford, who has been appointed Principal of St. David's, Lampeter, is an excellent New Testament scholar. The Principals of Lampeter is an important position in itself, and is generally followed by an appointment to a Bishopric.

Archdeacon Sinclair has been initiated into the Pioneer Lodge of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows. V.

A PUTTEE is a leg bandage, used instead of a gaiter or high boot. PUTTEES owe their origin to India, where they have long been used by the Natives and Europeans for Military and Sporting purposes; and FOX'S PUTTEES have been adopted by the War Office and Colonial Authorities for the Infantry, Mounted Infantry, and Artillery.



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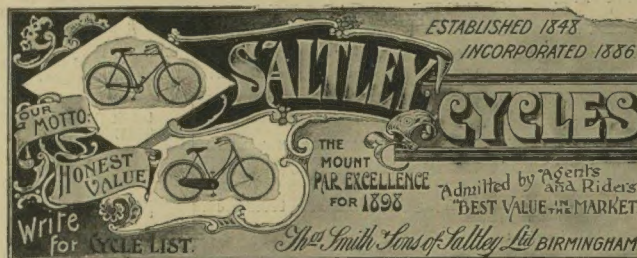
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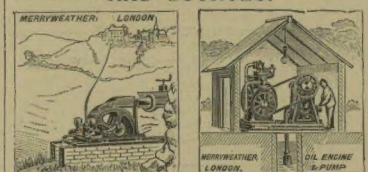
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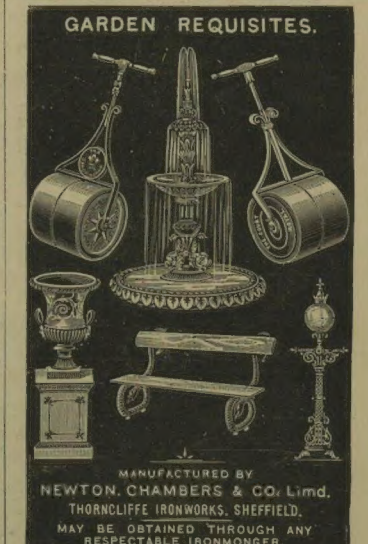
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